

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1240. — March 7, 1868.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Queen Caroline — Wife of George II.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 579
2. Gleanings after the Talmud	<i>Eclectic Review</i> , 599
3. Ecce Homo. By Mr. Gladstone. Part II.	<i>Good Words</i> , 609
4. My Neighbour Nelly	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , 620
5. The Example of Henry Clay	<i>N.Y. Evening Post</i> , 637
6. Tour of a Missionary Bishop	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 640
7. Athanase Coquerel	<i>Spectator</i> , 640
8. Have you had your Hair Singed?	<i>Once a Week</i> , 640

POETRY: The Swallows of Citeaux, 578. Drizzle, 578. A Snow Song, 608. The Ravens, 608. All the World a Crab, 619. A Seasonable Letter, 619.

☞ Nos. 1230, 1180, 1181 are very scarce. If any of the subscribers, who do not intend to bind their copies, will send them to us, we shall be much obliged, and will return a full equivalent in some of the Tales of the Living Age. Several persons have already sent copies to us, and we heartily thank them.

BROWNLOWS, by Mrs. Oliphant, is completed, and will be published in separate form (price 37 cents) at this office. The Trade supplied on liberal terms.

New Books —

IVANHOE. By Sir Walter Scott. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. March, 1868. Published monthly, at \$4.00 a year. By J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia.

Preparing for Publication at this Office —

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS. By the author of "Heir of Redclyffe."

REALMAH. By the author of "Friends in Council."

LINDA TRESSEL. By the author of "Nina Balatka."

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. By Charles Lever.

ALL FOR GREED.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER. By Mr. Trollope.

OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE. By Edward Garrett.

A SEABOARD PARISH. By George McDonald.

PEEP INTO A WESTPHALIAN PARSONAGE.

Just Published at this Office —

THE TENANTS OF MALORY. By J. S. Le Fanu. 50 cents.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 75 cents.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE. New Edition. 50 cents.

THE BROWNLOWS. By Mrs. Oliphant. 37 cents.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 88 " 220 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

THE SWALLOWS OF CITEAUX.

UNDER eaves, against the towers,
All the spring, their muddy bowers
Swallows build about Citeaux.
Round the chapter-house and hall,
From the dawn to evenfall,
They are fluttering to and fro

On their never-flagging wing.
With the psalms the brethren sing
Blends their loud incessant cry;
In and out the plastered nest,
Never taking thought of rest,
Chattering these swallows fly.

They distract the monk who reads,
Him as well who tells his beads,
Him who writes his chronicle:
In the cloister old and grey
They are jubilant and gay,
In the very church as well.

On the dormitory beds,
In refectory o'er the heads —
At the windows rich with paint,
Ever dashing, — in and out
With the maddest, noisiest rout,
As would surely vex a saint.

To the abbot then complain
Pious monks: — 'Shall these remain
To disturb us at our prayers?
Bid us nests and eggs destroy,
Then the birds will not annoy
Any more our deafened ears.'

Quoth the abbot, smiling — 'Say,
Have not we, too, homes of clay,
Quite as fragile, not more fair?
Brothers, and shall we resolve
Their tabernacles to dissolve,
Asking God our own to spare?'

Not another word of blame,
But they turned away in shame,
So the little birds had peace,
And the parapets among
Built and laid, and hatched their young,
Making wonderful increase.

When declined the autumn sun,
When the yellow harvest done,
Sat the swallows in a row
On the ridging of the roof,
Patiently, as if, in sooth,
Tarrying for leave to go.

Forth from out the western door,
Came the abbot; him before
Went a brother with his crook,
And a boy a bell who rung,
And a silver censer swung,
Whilst another bore the book.

Then the abbot raised his hand,
Looking to the swallow band,
Saying, 'Ite, missa est!
Christian birds, depart in peace,
As your cares of summer cease,
Swallows, enter on your rest.

'Now the winter snow must fall,
Wrapping earth as with a pall,
And the stormy winds arise.
Go to distant lands where glow
Deathless suns, where falls not snow
From the ever azure skies.

'Go! dear heralds of the road,
To the sweet unknown abode,
In the verdant Blessed Isles,
Whither we shall speed some day,
Leaving crumbling homes of clay
For the land where summer smiles.

'Go in peace! your hours have run,
Go, the day of work is done,
Go in peace, my sons!' he said.
Then the swallows spread the wing,
Making all the welkin ring
With their cry, and southward sped.
— *Fraser's Magazine.*

DRIZZLE.

WIND S. S. W. — Thermometer at 50,
Barometer at 29, and falling!
Ozone? there is none, it is quite appalling!
The air is wetted through. Rain very drifty,
And small and thick. The clouds, though
slightly rifted,
Dense, as a block of masonry a wall in,
I'm sure at least a foot of rain will fall in
The gauge, although the wind is rather shift.

I hate this dismal, dull, depressing weather!
It makes one cross, and so inclined for wran-
gling!
Unpleasant, damp, and dreary altogether,
And fit alone for ironing or mangling!
I'd rather in the hottest sunshine frizzle,
Than be washed out by this disgusting drizzle.
— *Fun.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. I. — THE QUEEN.

THERE is something in the position of sovereign which seems to develop and call forth the qualities of a woman beyond that of any other occupation. The number of reigning women has no doubt been very limited, but it is curious to note how kindly the feminine mind takes to the trade of ruling whenever the opportunity occurs to it. It is, perhaps, the only branch of mental work in which it has attained a true and satisfactory greatness. The only queen regnant we know of who was nobody was our own placid Queen Anne. Such names as those of Isabella of Castile, of Elizabeth, and Maria Theresa, are very illustrious examples of this fact. The historian cannot regard those princely personages with the condescending approbation which critics in every other branch of science and art extend to women. They are great monarchs, figures that stand fully out against the background of history in the boldest and most forcible lines; and that in very absolute contradiction to all conventional theories. The name at the head of this page is not a historical personage of the first eminence; but it is that of a very remarkable woman, who holds no insignificant rank in the long line of English sovereigns. The period is called the reign of George II.; but so long as her life lasted, it was Caroline who was the Queen.

The Guelph family, at least in its beginning, does not furnish us with any very interesting or dramatic group. The first Georges are historical characters only because they cannot help themselves — fate and the Protestant succession having been too many for them. They would without doubt have been more honoured, more respectable, more at their ease in every way, had the prickly circle, of which the fifth Harry complained, never been placed upon their homely brows. It was no doubt a painful metamorphosis for the German "Lairdie," the obscure Elector, whom nobody expected to cope with a grand Monarque, or take up the traditions of an imperial court, to emerge out of his jolly little uncleanly Teutonic paradise, and submit himself to the caustic inspection of Whig wits and Jacobite sneers. It was the greatest sacrifice of comfort to grandeur that has been made in modern times. These royal gentlemen have been weighed in a great

many balances of late years, and the result has not been flattering to them, though it has not left them altogether without credit. We do not propose to re-open the record. The little monarch, with "his right leg well forward," and his "eyes à fleur de la tête," and the "dapper George" who succeeded him, have had more than their share of discussion. But from the year 1727 to 1737 there was another monarch in England whose name was not George — a woman not unfit to take her place among the reigning princesses. Queen Caroline is even a greater contradiction to every ordinary theory which ordinary men frame about women, than are the other sovereigns who have proved the art of government to be one of the arts within a woman's powers. Every ideal of a good wife which has ever been conceived by man makes out the model woman to be furiously jealous and vindictive over the mere suspicion of infidelity in her husband. Has not some one said that every wife is a Queen Eleanor in her heart? — and it is not only the good woman who is subject to this infirmity. The light-minded, the careless, even the guilty, show the same ruling passion. She who sins herself is not made indulgent thereby to her partner's iniquity. It is the one fault which no woman forgives. And again, the popular imagination supposes that maternity destroys all power of discrimination in a mother. She may be wounded, injured, insulted by her children; she may see them do everything that is base and miserable; she may watch them sink into the lowest depths of degradation; but she will love and believe in them still. To these two fundamental principles of a woman's nature, there is scarce a creature in Christendom who would not seal his or her adhesion. They lie beyond or above all argument. They are proved, and over again proved, every day.

Queen Caroline gives a dead contradiction to both. She was an admirable wife; but her husband made her the confidante of his *amours*, and told her about his Rosamonds, and yet she never poisoned, nor thought of poisoning, one of them. She does not even seem to have been jealous. Her historians, moved by the utter impossibility, according to all preconceived notions, of such extraordinary philosophy, pick out here and there the faint little snub bestowed upon "my good Howard," to show that in her heart this instinct of nature existed warmly enough, though in constant control. But the examples do not bear out the suggestion; for it is hard if a lady, not

to say a queen, may not snub her bedchamber-woman for her pleasure without any motive. And she despised and disliked her son. We are aware that to say these words is as much as to give her cause over before every domestic tribunal. Monster! does not every one say? Yet Caroline was no monster. She was a woman and a foreigner, and yet she was more actively and urgently Queen of England than any other except Elizabeth: she was a wife, and yet she varied the form of conjugal wickedness by almost encouraging her husband in his infidelities: she was a mother, yet gave up, despised, and opposed her son. For the first of her contradictory qualities, that of power, she sins in company with other illustrious exceptions to the common theory; but in her other faults she stands alone, or almost alone.

It is a difficult task to apologise for or explain such wonderful incongruities. They contradict at once the conclusions of experience and those certainties which are intuitive and above discussion. If a woman in fiction had been created with such failings, even had she been the highest heroine of tragedy, she would have been flouted as an impossible creature. She would be false to nature. But the real woman is very true in fact, and takes no heed about being true to nature. It is the one great advantage which fact has over invention, and the historic over every other Muse. There are no unities, no consistencies, no rule of probability, to bind the free current of real life. What a poet dare not dream of, existence produces calmly, contradicting its own laws, setting aside the very principles on which its continuance and stability are founded. But the character in which such extraordinary contradictions exist cannot be a simple or superficial one. And the office of the historical student is not to defend, notwithstanding the general rage for rehabilitation, which has changed or attempted to change so many of our landmarks, but only to record, and if possible to explain.

Caroline was born the daughter of a Duke of Anspach, one of the cluster of little German houses to which, for so many generations, we have owed our royal wives and husbands. She was brought up under the care of a princess of the house of Brunswick, the mother of Frederick the Great, and the daughter of the old Electress Sophia, of a stock to all appearance both sweeter and stronger in its feminine branches than it has ever been in its men. The first event in her life is as contradictory at the first glance to all its future tenor, as the

strange qualities which distinguished her in after life are contradictory to her womanhood. It is said that she was chosen by the King of Spain as his bride, under condition of abandoning the Protestant faith and becoming a Catholic. Such a change was (and indeed we suspect is) no such dreadful matter in the German matrimonial market, where princesses are trained to bless the world. And Caroline, far from being a bigot, or disposed to exaggerate the importance of religious distinctions, shows few symptoms of any religious conviction whatever. She refused, however, this advantageous bargain. Her faith, such as it was, seems to have been more to her than the unlucky but then splendid crown which was laid at her feet. "She could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate," says Bishop Burnet. Perhaps at that early period of her existence some lingerings of childish devoutness might be in the mind of the young princess; but there can have been very little piety round her, and she showed small sign of any in her after life. The real cause of her resistance probably was that her mind, though not religious, was essentially Protestant, as a great many minds are, especially in Germany. The Protestant mind still exists and flourishes, though not always in distinct connection with a Protestant faith; and is a far less conquerable thing than any system of doctrine. In such a constitution, a determined dislike to submit to authority, to bind the spirit down to obedience, or even to profess subjection in matters with which the intellect has so much to do, is infinitely stronger than the faculty of belief. Caroline, we suspect, would have been very vague in any confession of her faith; but it is easy to perceive how difficult the profession of Catholicism would be to a woman of such a character and mind.

"Her pious firmness," adds the bishop-historian, "is likely to be rewarded even in this life with a much better crown than that which she rejected."

It was to make Great Britain happy, as all the poets twittered, that the choice was made; and she married her George shortly after, and lived with him, in the most singular version of married life perhaps ever set before the world, for more than thirty years. To judge it or her by the rules current among ourselves at the present day would be both unjust and foolish; but happily the chroniclers of the time have left us in little doubt about the manners and customs of that babbling and talkative age. It is painful to think how little of the same kind of

pleasure our descendants, a hundred years hence, will get out of us. Thanks to Sir Rowland Hill (and many thanks to him), we, as a nation, write letters no more. And somehow, notwithstanding the contradiction which statistics would throw in our face did we venture on such an assertion, there do not seem to be so many of us afloat in the world nowadays as there were in the period when Horace Walpole corresponded with his friends. There is no such hum as of a crowd breathing out of the mingled mass of society where fashion and politics rival and aid each other. In the days of the great Horace the buzz filled the air; quiet people heard it miles off, counties off; now a great *bourdonnement*, filling their ears like the sound of the waves of life in the City when you stand within the silent aisles of St. Paul's, and listen — now scraps of distinct talk, like those you catch by intervals on the skirts of every assembly — now an opening of the crowd as some one comes or goes — now a gathering of the countless mass, as some pageant forms within its enclosure. We are more listless now, and speak lower, and don't enjoy it. It is a polite whisper, or it is a slow funereal drawl, the words dropping dolefully and at intervals, like signal guns, which alone reaches us out of the crowd. And somehow there don't seem so many people about; they are climbing the Alps and crossing the seas, and lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and writing pretty books — perhaps; or perhaps they are only of a lower vitality, and make less noise, like the good children. When our great-grandsons write our history, they will feel the difference; for the newspapers, which none of us much believe in, will probably have made themselves utterly incredible by that time, and have ceased to be referred to. Let us hope that the New Zealander will bring over with him some old packets of yellow letters written to the first colonists. In these, and in the big mails that go to India, the budgets of news for the boys who are out in the world, lie our only hope of domestic records in the present silent age.

The Court of George II., however, lies open in a full flood of light. Not only do everybody's letters contribute towards its illumination, but the curious Memoirs of Lord Herve, unique in history, present it before us with a remorseless and impartial distinctness. To say that we know it as well as if we had lived in it, is little. We know it infinitely better. We know what everybody said when the royal doors were closed, and a minister or bishop discussed the

most important of national affairs with king or queen. Had we but been about Court at the moment, the extent of our observation could not have gone further than to remark how Sir Robert looked when he left the royal presence, or if Bishop Hoadley was cheerful after his audience. And it is not a pleasant spectacle. The age was not one in which man believed in man, nor in woman either, for that matter. If wits were not sharper, the tongue at least was less under restraint. And morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and nobody was ashamed of it. To be sure, a great many people behave badly at all times; but, at least, the grace of concealment, of decent hypocrisy, of outward decorum, is general in the world. There was no concealment in those days. The ruling classes lived coarsely, spoke coarsely, sinned coarsely, without any illusion on the subject. The innocent and virtuous were little less indecent than the gross and wicked. Good wives, and even spotless maidens, discussed, without any pretence of shame or attempt at secrecy, the nasty adventures going on around them. The age was depraved, but it was more than depraved — it was openly unclean. And yet many notable figures circulate in this wicked and gossiping and unsavoury crowd. The wickedness and unsavouriness have been largely discussed and set forth to the fullest vantage; yet there are higher matters to discuss, into which it is possible to enter without falling absolutely into the mire. It is hideous to hear the old King talking of his favourites to his wife's unfenced ears; but the story of their life together — of her rule, of her wisdom, her extraordinary stoicism and patience, her good sense and infinite reasonableness — is a very curious, almost unique, and often most touching tale.

There is one thing to be remarked to begin with, as a circumstance which explains much in the life of Caroline. It is only after she had attained the fullest maturity of mind that she takes her place in history. Such a hapless passionate existence as that of Mary Stuart is over and closed for ever before the age at which Caroline begins to be fully apparent to us. Therefore, naturally, her virtues and her faults are both of a different kind from those which are likely to distinguish the earlier half of life. This of itself throws a certain light upon her wonderful conjugal tolerance. She was above forty when she came to the throne of

Great Britain. Before a woman comes to that age she has learned much which seems impossible to youth.

In a barren soil, it is true, cultivation can do but little, and there is many a woman who is as much a fool at forty as if she had still the excuse of being in her teens. But with the greater portion of reasoning creatures maturity makes a difference. It teaches patience first of all; it teaches the absolute want of perfection that exists everywhere, even in one's self. It makes the human soul aware of its incapacity to enter altogether into another, and to be possessed of its most intimate motives; and it exalts the great objects of family peace, honour, and union, of prosperity and general respect, of sober duty, above those enthusiasms of love and perfection which are natural and seemly in youth. A young woman who had been as tolerant as Caroline would have been simply a monster. But a royal soul, on the heights of middle age, having lived through all the frets and passions of youth, without becoming a whit less natural, separates itself from much that once seemed necessary to its existence. Far be it from us to say that love perishes in the growth and progress of the mind. But love changes. It demands less, it gives more. Its gifts are not always flattering to the receiver, because it is — alas! — impossible that it should always retain the fairy glamour in its eyes, and think all excellence centred in the object of its regard. It is a favourite theory with young people, and chiefly with women, though one to which common life gives the lie daily, that when respect is gone love dies. Love, let us be thankful, is a much more hardy and vigorous principle; it survives every thing — even imbecility, even baseness. Its gifts, we repeat, are not always flattering to the receiver; instead of the sweet thoughts, the sweet words, the tender caresses, and admiring enthusiasm of its earlier days, it often comes to be pity, indulgence, even endurance, which it gives; and that with a terrible disinterestedness — “all for love, and nothing for reward,” with no farther expectation of the recompense without which young love breaks its heart and dies. Old Love, by long and hard training, finds out that it cannot die; it discovers that it can live on the smaller and ever smaller footing which experience leaves it. Like a drowning creature on its one span of rock, it lives and sees the remorseless tide rising round it. It survives ill-usage, hardship, injury of every kind, even — and this

is a mystery and miracle, which few can understand — in some strange way it survives contempt. Men and women continue steadily — as the evidence of our own eyes and ears will tell us — to love women and men upon whom they cannot possibly look but with a certain scorn. They are disenchanted, their eyes are opened, no halo hangs any longer over the feeble or foolish head which once looked like that of a hero. His wife has to shield the man from other people's contempt, from blame, and the penalties of misdoing. She cannot, standing so near him, shield him from her own; but her love, changed, transfigured, embittered, exists and warms him still.

The only distinct incident of Caroline's youth which has escaped oblivion is that about the offered crown which she would not buy with the sacrifice of her Protestant birthright. History is silent as to her early married life, and perhaps it is as well. How she may have struggled against her fate we cannot tell; and probably it would not be an edifying tale. She came to England in 1714, a young mother with her children, and not till some years after does she even appear as a centre of society in her new country. When the quarrel between her husband and his father broke out openly, the Princess of Wales began her individual career. The pair did what so many heirs-apparent have done — they set up their Court in avowed opposition to the elder Court, which rarely holds its own in such a struggle. In this case it had less than the usual chance. The elder Court was dull, and coarse, and wicked. It had no legitimate queen; and no charm, either of wit or beauty, recommended its feminine oracles, who were destitute of any claim on the respect of the nation, and were openly sneered and jeered at by high and low. On the other hand, the Court of “the Waleses,” to quote the familiar phraseology of the nineteenth century, was young, gay, and bright, full of pretty women and clever men. The Princess herself was in the bloom of her age, handsome, accomplished, and agreeable. Among her attendants were some of the heroines of the time — the “fair Lepell,” the sweet Mary Bellenden, the “good Howard,” whose names are still as familiar as if they had been shining yesterday upon an admiring world. “The apartments of the bedchamber-woman in waiting,” says Walpole, “became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties.” Pleasure of every kind and complexion was the occupation of this

royal household. It had little influence in public affairs, and no place in the national economy. It was free to enter into all the gaieties of a private house, with all the splendour of a palace. Such a position, unofficial, unrestrained, without the curb either of filial or public duty, is more pleasant than safe in most cases. But the breach between the father and son was too desperate to give the Prince any power of mischief, so far as the affairs of the country were concerned. And he was not more depraved than it seems to have been considered his princely duty to be, as a man equal to the responsibilities of his position. He had a "favourite," because, in the abominable code of the time, such an appendage was thought necessary; and George's dull sense of his duty in this respect would be whimsical if it was not vile. But, strangely enough, he was all the time a man under the most perfect domestic management. And more strange still, the woman who was his mistress gives even a prejudiced inquirer an impression of genuine *goodness*, sweetness, and truth, which it is hard to reconcile with her miserable position. For ten years a racket of pleasuring was kept up at Leicester Fields. The laughing Opposition jeered and jested, and made epigrams, and made love. The saucy maids of honour laughed at the little Prince to his face. They indulged in all kinds of obsolete merry-makings. They hated the King and his Dutch Queens, and his powerful Minister. When the old George ended, and the new George began, what change was to be in the universe! Other laws, other policy, a different *régime*, with everybody in place who was out, and everybody out who was in, and a general reversal and delightful jumble of heaven and earth. So everybody believed, and so the Prince of Wales fully intended in his choleric soul. But master and servants alike reckoned without their Princess. While the racket went on around her, while her naughty little husband made love before her face, and his courtiers laughed in their sleeves, wise Caroline kept her bright eyes open—those eyes of which Walpole says, "that they expressed whatever she had a mind they should"—and looked on and pondered. She was "*cette diabolique Madame la Princesse*" to her charming father-in-law. She was in opposition, like the rest, naturally set against the powers that were. From her, even more than from her husband, might have been expected a desire to cross, and thwart, and run in the face

of everything that had been before her. *Nous allons changer tout cela.* What other sentiment could be expected to rise in the breast of a clever and impatient woman, as she stood by for years and watched the Germans at St. James's buying and selling, and the old King who had driven herself out of his palace, and kept her daughters as hostages, petting his favourite Minister? Could anybody doubt what her feelings must have been to the whole obnoxious group—King, Jezebels, Premier—who kept all influence out of her hands? And she was German, like all the others, and knew as little by nature what British policy ought to be. She must have sat still, impotent, and watched what they were about, as she ruled her little Court, and led its pleasures, for ten long years. And the country, and the Prince, and the expectant statesmen, and even the Prime Minister himself, felt in their hearts, when the end came, how it must be.

It would be curious to inquire how it was that this woman knew better than all the people about her: how it was that she resisted the natural impulse of opposition, and all the temptations of vengeance and novel delights of power. There are various petty explanations suggested, as might have been expected. Sir Robert Walpole believed that it was his own cleverness in finding out from the first that her influence and not that of her rival was all-powerful with the King. Others considered it to be the direct court which his adversaries paid to Lady Suffolk. Caroline's conduct gives little warrant either to the one supposition or the other. A far more rational and obvious conclusion, as well as one infinitely greater and more worthy, would be that the spectator thus standing aside so long to watch with the keen interest of a future ruler the course of affairs, honestly perceived that the most skilful hand in the country was already at the helm, and made up her mind to sacrifice her prepossessions to the good of the empire. Not Prince Hal when he rebuked his ancient ally more startled and amazed his expectant followers than did the new King when, sulky and unwilling, he took his father's Minister to his counsels, and turned the comforters of his humiliation away. How "he as *King* came to consult those whom he never would speak to as *Prince*, and to admit no farther than the drawing-room at St. James's those favourites who had ever been of the *Cabinet* at Leicester House; in short, how he came to pursue the very same measures in his own reign which he had been constantly censuring and exploding in his father's," is, Lord

Hervey concludes, a wonder which everybody will be curious to know the reason of. Curiosity on this point has much decreased, no doubt, since he wrote; but it is as striking a political event as any in our modern history. And at this distance, when all the figures are rounded by time, and the far-off beholder has a chance of arriving at a more correct judgment than the spectator who is on the spot and sees too much, the question is still interesting. George made this lame but wise conclusion as unwillingly as ever man did anything he could not help doing; and he did it because Caroline had been studying all the circumstances while he was amusing himself, and because she had the true wisdom, the supreme good sense, of putting her animosities in her pocket, and electing to do that which was best for the nation, as well as for the stability of her own family and throne.

When the news of the death of George I. reached England, the first act of the new King was exactly what was expected of him. He referred Sir Robert Walpole, who brought him the news, at once and ungraciously to Sir Spencer Compton, who had been his treasurer as Prince, and acknowledged partisan. Sir Robert accepted the decision as the most likely and natural one. "It is what I, as well as the rest of the world, expected would be whenever this accident happened," he said, according to Lord Hervey's report, to the new authority. "My time has been: yours is beginning." Then there came an awful pause of fate. England, which needed wary steering in those days, found herself suddenly for a breathless moment in the hands of George and Sir Spencer Compton. There is a certain grim fun in the situation, as of a couple of astounded pigmies left suddenly all at once to do a giant's work. Perhaps the King, had he been his own man, and not under lawful rule and governance, would have had courage to try it; and for a moment the crowding spectators who came to kiss hands, and those who made Leicester Fields ring with the sound of their applauses, expected it was to be so. But the second of the dwarfs was not so brave as his master. Either the joy of the triumph or the fear of responsibility overwhelmed the poor man. He had a speech to make for the King, and making King's speeches was not his *métier*. He turned abject and dismayed to the dismissed Minister, who had just asked and received the promise of his protection, begged like a schoolboy over his verses that Sir Robert would do it for him this time, till he got into the way of it. It was pure imbe-

cility, or fate; for, as Lord Hervey remarks, "if this precedent-monger had only turned to the old Gazettes published at the beginning of former reigns, he might have copied full as good a declaration from these records as any Sir Robert Walpole could give him." Such acts of folly mark the difference between the man who can and him who cannot. Sir Robert, no doubt, smiled as he retired into a room by himself, to do his rival's work. He had promised not to tell, "even to the people in the next room;" but when the new Minister had taken the speech in his own handwriting to the King, a discussion arose about it, in which again Sir Spencer appealed to his predecessor. Queen Caroline, we are told,* "a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two men, who had silently watched for a proper moment to overturn the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the King how prejudicial it would be to his affairs to prefer a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute the office." She had already given a public proof that with her the late holders of office were not disgraced. On the very day after the accession, when "all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss hands;" when the "common face of a Court was quite reversed," and "there was not a creature in office who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment," Caroline was the only woman in that servile crowd who took any notice of Lady Walpole — the wife of the Minister, whose "late devotees" kept her with "scornful backs and elbows" from approaching the royal presence; "but no sooner was she descried by her Majesty," writes her son, with natural triumph, "than the Queen cried aloud, 'There, I am sure I see a friend!'" An inferior mind might well have taken that little bit of vengeance on the former Court which had expelled and tabooed herself. But Caroline was either altogether superior to the temptation, or too wise, even in the first moment of triumph, to avail herself of it. All the elaborate machinery by which she ruled was already in operation to keep the tried and trusty public servant who had already managed the country for so long, and knew its wants so well, at the head of affairs. She had the penetration to see that there was the friend and defender of whom her family stood in need.

It would be vain to attempt to say that the means by which Caroline procured her will were of the most dignified kind. They

* Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

were such means as we see continually employed in private life, when a clever and sensible woman is linked (unfortunately, not a very uncommon circumstance) to an ill-tempered, headstrong, and shallow man. They are means to which a pure and elevated mind would find it very hard, even impossible, to stoop; but there can be little doubt that by their partial use many a family has been kept united and prosperous, and many a commonplace personage carried through the world with something like honour and credit, whose affairs would have fallen into hopeless loss and ruin had his wife suffered the natural disgust and impatience of a superior mind to move or be apparent in her. Queen Caroline, perhaps, as her stake was greater than most, carried those means of power to such a perfection as few have been able to reach.

"The Queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper," says Lord Hervey, "knew how to instil her own sentiments, while she affected to receive his Majesty's. She could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case — that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion, and binding his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pagan god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private."

Her labours were unremitting at this grand crisis of fate. And if it be remembered how very ticklish the position was, the immense importance at once to her family and to the country of an agent so judicious and unexcitable can scarcely be overcalculated. A young dispossessed legitimate heir was growing up with all those circumstances in his favour which naturally attend a new life. The old Pretender might have committed himself to many follies — the young Pretender was as yet unstained by any independent act. It might become at any moment the policy of one of the great Continental powers to take up the boy's cause, as indeed they were all well enough inclined to do. He had still a party in England, strong in rank, if not in much else, and a yet stronger in Scotland. The newly-imported German family, which scarcely pretended to love or sympathise with its new subjects, was totally unbeloved by them.

Mere policy, and nothing else, an act of national necessity, desperation, so to speak, had brought them over. They had neither traditional loyalty nor personal affection in their favour, nor the powers of mind, or even attraction of manners and appearance, which win popularity. Caroline was as far sensible of this as any individual can be expected to be sensible of the disadvantages of her own immediate family. Though her life abounds in similar situations, there are none more expressive of the mingled tragedy and comedy, the curious junction of the greatest and pettiest interests, than this first scene in her life as queen. It is ludicrous, yet, if one but thinks what is involved, it becomes solemn. There is the little King strutting and storming, "losing no opportunity to declare that the Queen never meddled with his business," and strong in the notion of inaugurating a new *régime*; and the faltering unprepared new Minister who stammers, and hesitates, and turns to his rival and predecessor for instruction what to do; and burly Sir Robert standing by, not without a humorous twinkle in his eye, aware that his own interests, as well as those of the country, are at stake, yet not quite able to resist the comic features of the scene; and Caroline behind, cautiously pulling the strings that move her royal puppet, anxiously watching the changes of his temper and his countenance. Not a noble method of managing imperial business; yet without it a deadlock must have ensued, and the business could not have been managed at all.

George had formed a very different idea, as Lord Hervey informs us, of his royal duties.

"His design at his first accession to the throne was certainly, as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,

*'Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main, et voir tout de ses yeux.'*

"He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; and proposed what by experiment he found impracticable, to receive applications and distribute favours through no principal channels, but to hear from all quarters, and employ indifferently in their several callings those who by their stations would come under the denomination of ministers. But it was very plain from what I have just related from the King's own lips, as well as from many other circumstances in his present conduct, that the Queen had subverted all his notions and schemes, and fully possessed his Majesty with

an opinion that it was absolutely necessary, from the nature of the English government, that he should have but one Minister, and that it was equally necessary, from Sir Robert's superior abilities, that he should be that one. But this work which she now (1733, five years after the accession) saw complete, had been the work of long time, much trouble, and great contrivance; for though, by a superiority of understanding, thorough knowledge of his temper, and much patience in her own, she could work him by degrees to any point where she had a mind to drive him, yet she was forced to do it often by slow degrees, and with great caution; for as he was infinitely jealous of being governed, he was never to be led but by invisible reins; neither was it ever possible for her to make him adopt her opinion but by instilling her sentiments in such a manner as made him think they rose originally from himself. She always at first gave in to all his notions, though never so extravagant, and made him imagine any change she wrought in them to be an after-thought of his own. To contradict his will directly was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince was to confirm him. Besides all this he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon these occasions was a sort of iron reversed; for the hotter it was, the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression or capable of being turned, it was only when it was quite cool."

"The Queen's power was unrivalled and unbounded," Lord Hervey says at another period; and he adds, "How dearly she earned it will be the subject of future consideration in these papers." It is, indeed, the chief subject of his remarkable Memoirs, in which Caroline appears in all the intimacy of private friendship, enhanced as it is by the absolute want of privacy that attends a royal existence. The position, as we have said, is in many respects undignified. The real rulers of the kingdom, herself and Sir Robert Walpole, have to meet each other in long secret consultations, like two conspirators. The highest designs of State, when they have been decided on between the two, have to be artfully filtered into the intelligence of the King. He has to be prepared, screwed up and down to one pitch or another, tempered to the necessary heat or coolness; they watch him with the most minute and anxious scrutiny — they propitiate him with little flatteries, with compliances and indulgences, which, as from the Queen at least, are at once unseemly and unnatural — they attend upon his humour with a servile obsequiousness that is simply bewildering. His naughty temper, his nasty ways, his wicked little tongue, are endured with steady patience.

Worst of all, perhaps, poor Caroline has

to submit to his company, seven or eight hours of it every day, which is evidently the greatest infliction she has to bear. The picture is miserable, dreadful, whimsical, absurd, and touching. For at the worst, when all is said, these two who have lived together so long, who have their children round them, who are not of different countries to make the manners of one repulsive to the other — two Germans, bred in the same ideas, in the same small Courts, who have come to this wonderful preferment together — must have, all errors notwithstanding, lived in such a union as few people ever attain to — a union which seems characteristic of the House of Hanover. No doubt, when it is the weakness of the woman which leans upon the man, the picture is more consistent with the arrangements of society, and more beautiful to behold as a matter of aesthetics. But when a strong, calm, enduring woman, unimpassioned yet tender, backs steadily with all her strength, all her life, the weak, unstable, and uncertain man, who, with all his imperfections, is her husband, it would be hard to refuse a certain admiration at the sight. His sacred Majesty was an intolerable little monster in many respects, yet for more than thirty years they clung to each other, shared each other's good and evil fortunes, were cast into the shade together, and together burst into power; discussed every public matter, every domestic incident, every inclination, wicked or otherwise, in that grand committee of two which is, wherever it is to be found, the great consolation and strength of life. If the King brought little wisdom to this council, he yet brought himself, a malleable and shapeable being. The heart of the spectator melts to him a little as it becomes evident how very shapeable he was. The royal George was clay in the hands of the potter. He "strutted" out of doors; he strutted even and snubbed his wife when there was only Lord Hervey and some poor tedious German dependant looking on. But he never forsook her, or resisted the inevitable moulding which took place when they were alone. The extent of his "strutting" seems to have been extraordinary. He grew at once facetious and historical in his certainty of being master. In other reigns, he informed his courtiers, it had been otherwise. Charles I. had been governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King William by his men — and Queen Anne by her women — favourites; his own father by any body who could get at him. Then, "with a significant satisfied triumphant air," the ridiculous little monarch turned to his audi-

tors, "And who do they say governs now?" he said, swelling with royal pride and content. One can imagine how my lords bowed, and how the muscles twitched about their courtly mouths. But neither within doors nor without was there any echo of his Majesty's complacency. There are moments in our own time when the newspapers are impertinent, and "Punch" ventures on a joke which is a little less than loyal. But speech was very free in the middle of the eighteenth century.

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, who reign,"

sang boisterously the popular muse. It was the terror of her life that he should find out that he was ruled; it was the delight of his that he was unquestionably lord and master of all.

Sir Robert Walpole's authority, thus once established, lasted five years longer than the life of his royal mistress. The politics of the time, involved as they are with foreign affairs to an extent which seems strange in these days of non-intervention — though indeed non-intervention had already taken shape, and was a principle to which Walpole clung with much tenacity — are too elaborate to be here discussed. The greatest of all matters to England at the moment was the steady continuance of things as they were, and settlement of the new dynasty, with at least such additional power as the habit of seeing them there could give, on the throne. The country had no love to give them; but so long as it had no positive offence — so long as it was kept content, and things went on to the moderate satisfaction of the people — every day that passed safely over the heads of the new monarchs was an advantage to them. Nothing is more curious than the account of the relations between the Court, the Cabinet, and the Houses of Parliament, which is incidentally given in this narrative. Everything that was done in the country was done by Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole, in private committee assembled. The complaisant Cabinet adopted their resolutions, signed their letters, and did whatever it was told to do. The Parliament, if not always so obedient, did its spiring very gently; and when a majority was not to be had otherwise, there were always means of getting it, according to the method adopted on the Prince of Wales's rebellious demand for more money. That majority cost the King only £900, Lord

Hervey tells us; and it is evident that everybody thought it a great bargain. But the country out-of-doors made itself audible and visible now and then, as in the commotion about the Excise Bill, and in that marvellous mob-episode, the Porteous Riot in Edinburgh. The one was a constitutional, the other an unconstitutional outbreak; but in both cases the people had their way, and the Court had to put up with the affront. On the whole, there seems to have been some resemblance between the blustering King and his people at this period. They were both given to illegitimate pleasures; they were both very foolish, hot-headed, and obstinate. Both of them would pull up short at a bit of a measure which a little while afterwards they would swallow whole without the least reluctance. Sir Robert managed the nation much as Caroline managed her husband. He gave in, or appeared to give in, to it by times. Then after the many-headed mass had forgotten a little, he would come back to his abandoned measure, and get it over easily. His was light work, however, in comparison with the unceasing diplomacy and weary unending strain which was made on the Queen's strength by her master. She had seven or eight hours of him every day. She had to keep on her mask, and never to forget herself or her object in her most private moments. Such martyrs there are in ordinary life, whom nobody suspects. And there are some scenes in the Queen's history, trivial and miserable and exasperating, which most people have seen reflected in little episodes of domestic history in households much less exalted than those of kings and queens.

There are several other particulars equally noticeable. We do not speak of the general coarseness of talk, though that seems to have been universal; and indeed the fact of its being universal takes to some extent the meaning out of it. It was an odious fashion, but it was a fashion. The sweet Mary Belenden, whom Horace Walpole describes as a perfect creature, talks in her friendly letters to Lady Suffolk as we presume women of the very lowest class, short of infamy, would be ashamed to talk now — and does it as a fast girl of the present day talks slang, from mere thoughtlessness apparently, and high spirits. We remember once to have walked for five minutes down a street in Glasgow behind a group of merry mill-girls, with bare feet and *coiffure* as elaborate as if each had employed a separate *artiste*; and their talk, which, after an interval of twenty years, still haunts the horrified ear,

resembled the choice phrases with which Horace Walpole's "perfect creature" sprinkles her familiar epistles. Yet she was a woman against whom scandal had not a word to say. It would be vain, then, to expect from Queen Caroline and her Court the purity of tone which prevails in our own; nor have we any right to blame individuals for what was at once a fault and fashion of the age. We have no intention or desire to enter into that fossil nastiness. Thank heaven! the *mode* has changed.

But it is curious also to contrast the impartial attitude so strenuously maintained by the Sovereign in our own day with the complete absorption in politics and the cares of government which distinguishes Queen Caroline, and, in a lesser degree, her husband. It was her vocation — the work of her life. She enters into every detail as if she were a Lord of the Treasury. Probably no Lord of the Treasury nowadays gives himself up so entirely to the work of ruling. Nor was there any public pretence of constitutional indifference. The Ministerial party is called the Court party without disguise; the Opposition are his Majesty's enemies. And when anything goes wrong, an insubordinate Secretary or disappointed Chamberlain does not hesitate to give the Queen a bit of his mind. Fancy Lord Carnarvon or General Peel, when circumstances went against them, rushing into the presence of our liege Lady, and making speeches to her of a dozen pages, to the effect that she is deceived in her trust, that her Prime Minister is a rogue, and that she will repent in the end! Such was the mission of Lord Stair on occasion of the famous Excise Bill, on which Sir Robert Walpole was defeated by the country in one of its wild, and to all appearance unreasonable, epidemics of resistance. The whole transaction is sufficiently interesting, if it can be got into our limited space, to be told in full.

The scheme itself was simple enough. It was an expedient to diminish the land-tax, which in the time of war had been as high as four shillings in the pound, by an excise duty upon tobacco and wine which, along with the salt duty, was to balance the subtraction of a shilling in the pound from the tax on land; and Sir Robert, we are told by Lord Hervey, expected nothing but increased popularity from the proposal. Instead of this it set the country in a blaze. "Everybody talked of the scheme as a general excise; they believed that food and raiment, and all the necessities of life, were to be taxed; that armies of excise-

officers were to come into every house, and at any time they pleased; that our liberties were at an end, trade going to be ruined, Magna Charta overturned, all property destroyed, the Crown made absolute, and Parliament themselves no longer necessary to be called." To aid this hubbub, a small party of lords, all in office, sent a messenger in the person of Lord Stair to remonstrate with the Queen. He informed her Majesty that her Prime Minister was more universally odious than any minister in any country had ever been; that he was hated by the army, hated by the clergy, hated by the *city of London*, and hated by the Scotch to a man (the speaker himself, and half of the party he represented being Scots lords).

"That he absolutely governs your Majesty, nobody doubts," said this astute and amiable messenger; and he proceeded to inform Caroline that the scheme was so wicked, so dishonest, and so slavish, that his conscience would not permit him to vote for it. The Queen had listened to him calmly up to this point, but here her patience failed. "When Lord Stair talked of his conscience with such solemnity, she cried out, 'Ah, my lord, *ne me parlez point de conscience: vous me faites évanouir!*'" Such was the way in which deputations conducted themselves, and were received, in those days. When her visitor, however, went on to say that the prodigality of mankind could not be so great as that the House of Commons should pass a bill so opposite to the interests of their constituents, and so opposed to their wishes, Caroline answered with the following sharp retort: —

"Do you, my lord," she asks, with a certain fine scorn, "pretend to talk of the opinion of the electors having any influence on the elected? You have made so very free with me in this conference, my lord, that I hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with as little reserve to you. . . . I must therefore, once more, ask you, my lord, how you can have the assurance to talk to me of your thinking the sense of constituents, their interest or their instructions, any measure or rule for the conduct of their representatives in Parliament; or if you believe I am so ignorant or so forgetful of all past proceedings in Parliament as not to know that in the only occasion when these considerations should have biassed you, you set them all at naught? Remember the Peerage Bill, my lord. Who then betrayed the interests of their constituents? Who deprived their constituents of all chance of ever taking their turn with those whom they sent to Parliament? The English lords in passing that

bill were only guilty of tyranny, but every Scotch lord was guilty of the last treachery; and whether you were one of the sixteen traitors, your own memory, I believe, will serve to tell you without the assistance of mine."

This stormy interview concluded with the exit of Lord Stair in "a violent passion," exclaiming, "*Madame, vous êtes trompée, et le Roi est trahi!*"

The King was occupied, one does not know how, while this was going on — eating bread and honey, perhaps — while the Queen was in her parlour with this passionate peer. But he was roused to interest when the kingdom began to heave and give forth volcanic groans. On the night of the debate, "justices of the peace, constables, and civil magistrates, were all astir to preserve the public peace; secret orders were given to the Horse and Foot Guards to be in readiness at a moment's warning." And "the mob came down to Westminster," crowding the lobby and the surrounding precincts, as we have seen it do in our own day. Notwithstanding all this commotion, the Bill was passed by a majority of sixty-one. Lord Hervey had to send word from the House how things were going, to satisfy the anxious couple at the Palace; and when he got back to St. James's, "was carried by the King into the Queen's bed-chamber, and there kept without dinner (poor Chamberlain!) till near three in the morning, asking him ten thousand questions, relating not only to people's words and actions, but even to their looks."

Notwithstanding the majority, however, the Bill was finally given up, after various other incidents which we cannot enter into. The anxiety of the whole "Court party" seems to have been intense. Sir Robert Walpole offered his resignation, or rather, as it seems, suggested to their Majesties that perhaps it would be proper that he should resign. "The Queen chid him extremely for having so ill an opinion of her, as to think it possible for her to be so mean, so cowardly, and so ungrateful as to accept of such an offer; and assured him that as long as she lived she would not abandon him. When Sir Robert made the same offer to the King, his Majesty (as the Queen told me) made the most kindly, the most sensible, and the most resolute answer that it was possible for a wise, a just, and a great prince to make to the most able and the most meritorious servant. But whether she dictated the words before he spoke them or embellished them afterwards," says the sceptical Hervey, never very enthusi-

astic about his royal master, "I know not." She had been "weeping plentifully" when her faithful attendant and chronicler went up to the drawing-room. One wonders if Queens and Ministers, not to speak of Kings, are as much moved at the present day when a favourite measure has to be abandoned. "The King walked about the room in great anger and disorder," and ordered poor Lord Hervey to send bulletins from the House. Sir Robert "stood some time after the House was up leaning against the table, with his hat over his eyes, and some few friends with melancholy countenances round him." The Queen, when she said, "It is over, we must give way," had the tears running down her cheeks. It is strange to hear of so much emotion all about an abortive measure which, in its own essence, was not of fundamental importance, and which came to nothing. Sir Robert was very near paying for it dearly from the insults and assaults of the mob. To show, however, the latent fire always ready to burst forth which existed in the country, it may be added that in the rejoicings made at Oxford over the defeat of Ministers, the health of James III. was publicly drunk. This was a very gaseous and harmless sort of treason, as we know now; but it looked dangerous and alarming enough then.

During the ten years of Caroline's reign, her lord made repeated visits to Hanover, during which intervals she was Queen Regent, and was at liberty to act in her own person without the trouble of influencing him. He wrote to her constantly during these absences — letters of forty or fifty pages each, Lord Hervey says; a long and close journal of all his proceedings, even of such proceedings as were unfit to be reported to any woman's ear, much less to his wife's. It was pretty Fanny's way, and there was apparently nothing to be done but to give into it. We repeat, a high-spirited and pure-minded woman could not have given in to it; which, perhaps, only means, however, that no one could have done so who had lived into the nineteenth century and thought as we did. But Caroline was of the eighteenth century, and she did not think as we do. A mistress more or less did not matter in these days; it seemed to have been a thing taken for granted. And the Queen was a queen as much as she was a wife. She had come to her natural occupation when she ascended the new yet old throne upon which necessity and Protestantism had placed her race. She was necessary to the country — at least

as much as any human creature can be said to be necessary to a world which, when they are removed, always finds it can get on reasonably well without them. The price of her high position, her unbounded influence, her reign, in short — for reign it was — was her continuance of the unswerving indulgence and support which she had always given to the King. She had borne Lady Suffolk very quietly. Nothing can be more visionary than the instances of trifling spite which she is alleged to have shown to that mild woman. Without doubt her own favourite, Mrs. Clayton, could have produced parallel passages had anybody taken the trouble to look them up. She seems, on the contrary, to have been very good to her "good Howard," and remonstrated with her on her leaving Court, bidding her to recollect that she, like her Majesty's self, was no longer young, and that she must learn philosophy, and not to resent the failure of her royal lover's attention, of which she had complained — an almost incredible conversation to take place between the man's wife and his "favourite," yet true. "The Queen was both glad and sorry" (of Lady Suffolk's retirement), says Lord Hervey. "Her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was *sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown on her hands, when she had already enough to make her often feel heartily weary of his company.*" This is the point of view which seems to have struck the Princess Royal, who, with the frankness of the period, has also her word to say about the domestic incident. "I wish with all my heart," said this young lady, "that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the *ennui* of seeing him always in her room." Few people perhaps would venture upon the same boldness of suggestion, but yet we do not doubt there is something in poor Queen Caroline's dismay in having more than her share of her husband's company, which will go to the hearts of many sympathetic women who know what it is. We may here quote a few instances of what the poor lady had to bear.

It was on his second visit to Hanover that George fixed his affections on Madame Walmoden, afterwards created by him Countess of Yarmouth. He had nobody to interfere with him in his nasty little Paradise; no Queen, no Minister to disturb his leisure with their projects, no House of Commons to worry him with doubtful majorities; and he enjoyed himself, it is evident, in his own refined way. He was very

reluctant to return out of that Armida's garden to the realities of life in England. His people, such as they were, were fond of him in Hanover; his Ministers were obsequious, and he was free to take his pleasure according to his fancy. When he left that Eden it was under the promise of returning some months later, a promise which he was careful to keep; and he came home possessed of such a demon of ill-temper as made the lives of the unfortunate inhabitants of St. James's a burden to them. Nothing English pleased the King. "No English or even French Cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection." He came into his splendid bapishment like an east wind, biting and blighting everything; everything he saw was wrong. The Queen had caused some bad pictures to be removed out of the great drawing-room at Kensington and replaced them with good ones — an arrangement which his Majesty immediately countermanded; he snapped at his Ministers for going into the country "to torment a poor fox that was generally a much better beast than any of them that pursued him;" he behaved to his wife with the coarsest and most invariable ill-temper, and generally made himself disagreeable to everybody.

"One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting while the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's upon the Sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill-treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense and things she knew nothing about; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense and disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had intended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait (and then the King acted the Bishop's lameness) or his nasty stinking breath

—phaugh ! or his silly laugh when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth ?'—(and so on for a couple of pages). . . .

"Lord Hervey, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a bishop of a very different stamp, . . . who had carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII.'s Chapel. . . . Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a hundred plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to Merlin's Cave to complete your nonsense there' (this Merlin's Cave was a little building so christened which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond). . . . 'Apropos,' said the Queen, 'I hear the *Craftsman** has abused Merlin's Cave.' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King; 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel to be in the right.'

"This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation, I know not by what transition, fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer, to visit her friends even in town. 'That is your own fault,' said the King; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money.' The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do; and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey, whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in country. *He knew it was not, but said it was.* He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars (private persons), it would certainly be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, 'Then she may stay at home as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools; nor is it for you,' said he, addressing himself to the Queen, 'to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.' The Queen coloured and knotted a good deal faster during this speech

than she had done before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty's ill-humour from her) said to the King, that as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. 'And what matter whether she saw a collection or not?' replied the King. 'The matter, sir, is that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honours with her presence.' 'Supposing,' said the King, 'she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.' 'If the innkeepers,' replied Lord Hervey, 'were used to be well received by her Majesty in her palace, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.' The King then, instead of answering Lord Hervey, turned to the Queen, and with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text."

Perhaps the reader may some time in his life have assisted at a similar scene. One can imagine the furious feeble little man strutting and raging about the room, twisting every new subject, painfully started in the hope of diverting his ill-humour, into a new channel for its outlet. And the Queen, at her table by the light of her candles, anxiously talkative at first, then silent, knotting ever faster and faster, with trembling hands and tangling thread; and the courtier standing by grieved for her, yet half amused in his own person, ready to tell any fib, or make any diversion of the master's wrath upon his own head—knowing it was not, but saying it was, and telling us so with a beautiful candour. It was for want of Herrenhausen and his German enchantress that the wicked little monarch was so cross. On other occasions, he would take up one of his wife's candles as she knotted, and show Lord Hervey the pictures of his Dutch delights, which with characteristic good taste he had had painted and hung in Caroline's sitting-room, dwelling upon the jovial incident which was the subject of each with mingled enthusiasm and regret. He had vowed to go back to his love in May, and all the winter was spent in those sweet recollections and fits of temper. Nor was this all the poor Queen had to bear.

* The Opposition newspaper, in which King, Queen, and Minister were very roughly handled.

Her Minister assured her coarsely and calmly that nothing was more natural; that she was herself old and past the age of pleasing; and that, in fact, there was nothing else to be looked for. He had the incredible audacity to propose to her, at the same time, that she should send for a certain Lady Tankerville, "a handsome, good-natured, simple woman," to make a balance on the side of England to the attractions at Hanover. We are not told that Lady Tankerville, whose recommendation was that she would be "a safe fool," had done any thing to warrant the Minister's selection of her. Caroline laughed, Sir Robert said, "and took the proposal extremely well." But her laugh, Lord Hervey wisely remarks, was no sign of her satisfaction with so presumptuous and injurious an address.

Lord Hervey throughout the whole seems to have been her chief support and consolation. He was with her constantly, spent the mornings with her, brought her all the news of the town, the Parliament, and what people were saying. When the Court went hunting, which was a very common ceremony, Lord Hervey, not the kind of man to care for that simple excitement, rode on a hunter she had given him by the side of the Queen's chaise; and while the noisy crowd flew past them the two discussed every movement in the country—every project of State,—every measure projected or proposed for the rule of England, as well as the involved and tangled web of wars and negotiations abroad. There is an amusing little sketch, included in the Memoirs, written by Lord Hervey for the amusement of his royal mistress, and setting forth, under a dramatic form, the manner in which the news of his death would be received by the Court, which gives, perhaps, a more distinct view of that curious royal interior than any thing else which has come to our hands.

THE DEATH OF LORD HERVEY; OR, A MORNING AT COURT.

A DRAMA.

ACT I.

Scene.—The Queen's Gallery. The time, nine in the morning.

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCESS EMILY, PRINCESS CAROLINE, followed by LORD LIFFORD (a Frenchman) and MRS. PURCEL.

QUEEN. *Mon Dieu, quelle chaleur! en vérité on étouffe.* Pray, open a little these windows.

LORD LIFFORD. Has-a your Majesty heard-a de news?

QUEEN. What news, my dear lord?

LORD L. Dat my Lord Hervey, as he was coming last night to *tone*, was rob and murdered by highwaymen, and iron in a ditch.

P. CAROLINE. *Eh, grand Dieu?*

QUEEN (*striking her hand upon her knee*). *Comment, est il véritablement mort?* Purcel, my angel, shall I not have a little breakfast?

MRS. PURCEL. What would your Majesty please to have?

QUEEN. A little chocolate, my soul, if you give me leave; and a little sour cream and some fruit.

(*Exit Mrs. Purcel.*)

QUEEN (*to Lord Lifford*). *Eh bien! my Lord Lifford, dites nous un peu comment cela est arrivée.* I cannot imagine what he had to do to be putting his nose there.

LORD L. *Madame, on sait quelque chose de cela de Mon. Maron qui d'abord qu'il a vu de voleurs s'est enfui et venu à grand galoppe à Londres, and after dat a waggoner take up de body and put it in his cart.*

QUEEN (*to Princess Emily*). Are you not ashamed, Amalie, to laugh?

P. EMILY. I only laughed at the cart, mamma.

QUEEN. Ah, that is a very *fade plaisanterie*.

P. EMILY. But if I may say it, mamma, I am not very sorry.

QUEEN. *Fi donc! Eh bien, my Lord Lifford! My God, where is this chocolate, Purcel?*

(*Re-enter Mrs. Purcel, with the chocolate and fruit.*)

QUEEN (*to Mrs. Purcel*). Well, I am sure Purcel now is very sorry for my Lord Hervey: have you heard it?

MRS. P. Yes, madam; and I am always sorry when your Majesty loses anything that entertains you.

QUEEN. Look you there, now, Amalie; I swear now Purcel is a thousand times better as you.

P. EMILY. I did not say I was not sorry for mamma; but I am not sorry for him.

QUEEN. And why not?

P. EMILY. What, for that creature?

P. CAROLINE. I cannot imagine why one should not be sorry for him: I think it very *dure* not to be sorry for him. I own he used to laugh malapropos sometimes, but he was mightily mended; and for people that were civil to him, he was always ready to do anything to oblige them; and for my part I am sorry, I assure.

P. EMILY. Mamma, Caroline is *duchtich*: for my part, I cannot *parôître*.

QUEEN. Ah, ah! You can *parôître* and be *duchtich* very well sometimes: but this is no *parôître*; and I think you are very great brutes. I swear now he was very good, poor my Lord Hervey; and with people's lives that is no jest. My dear Purcel, this is the nastiest fruit I have ever tasted; is there none of the Duke of Newcastle's? or that old fool Johnstone's? *Il était bien joli quelquefois*, my Lord Hervey, was he not, Lifford?

LORD L. (*taking snuff*). Ees, ended he vas ver pretty company sometimes.

P. EMILY (*shrugs her shoulders and laughs again*).

QUEEN (*to Princess Emily*). If you did not think him company, I am sorry for your taste. (*To Princess Caroline*) My God, Caroline, you will twist off the thumbs of your glove! *Mais, my Lord Lifford, qu'vous a conté tout ça des voleurs, du ditch, et des waggoners?*

LORD L. I have hear it at St. James's, et tout le monde en parle.

QUEEN (*to Mrs. Purcel*). Have you sent, Purcel, to Vickers about my clothes?

Mrs. P. He is here, if your Majesty pleases to see the stuffs.

QUEEN. No, my angel, I must write now. Adieu, adieu, my Lord Lifford!

ACT II.

Scene. — The Queen's dressing-room. The Queen is discovered at her toilet, cleaning her teeth; Mrs. Purcel dressing her Majesty's head. The Princesses, Lady Burlington and Lady Pembroke, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Sundon, Woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.

1ST PARSON (*behind the scenes*). *From pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness —*

2D PARSON. Good Lord, deliver us! *

QUEEN. I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door; those creatures pray so loud one cannot hear one's self speak. (*Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.*) So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those parsons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. (*To Lady Burlington*) What do you say, Lady Burlington, to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

LADY P. (*sighing and lifting up her eyes*). I swear it is a terrible thing.

LADY B. I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

QUEEN. How sorry is that, my good Lady Burlington?

LADY B. Not so sorry as not to admit of consolation.

QUEEN. I am sure you have not forgiven him his jokes upon Chiswick.

Enter LORD GRANTHAM.

QUEEN. . . . But what news do you bring us, my Lord Grantham?

LORD G. Your Majesty has hear de news of poor my Lord Hervey?

QUEEN. Ah, mon cher my Lord, c'est une viellerie: il y a cent ans qu'on le scait.

LORD G. I have just been talking of him to Sir Robert. Sir Robert is prodigiously con-

cerned; he has seen Monsieur — how you call? — Marant.

QUEEN. *Maran vous voudrez dire.* I pray, my good child, take away all these things, and let Sir Robert come in.

(LORD GRANTHAM brings in SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, and all but SIR ROBERT and the QUEEN go out.)

QUEEN. Come, come, my good Sir Robert, sit down. Well, how go matters?

SIR R. Everything very well, madam, pure and well. I have just had intelligence out of the city — all is very quiet there.

QUEEN. But we must hang some of these villains.

SIR R. We will if we can, madam. . . . But what news from Hanover, madam?

QUEEN. There is a letter of five-and-forty pages from the King; I have not time now, but there are some things in it that I must talk to you about.

SIR R. I have had a long letter, too, from Horace.

QUEEN. Oh! mon Dieu! not about his silly ladder-story again. My good Sir Robert, I am so tired and so sick of all that nonsense that I cannot bear to talk or think of it any more. Apropos poor my Lord Hervey, I swear I could cry!

SIR R. Your Majesty knows I had a great partiality for him; and really, madam, whatever faults he might have, there was a great deal of good stuff in him. I shall want him, and your Majesty will miss him.

QUEEN. Oh! so I shall. . . . Adieu, my good Sir Robert, I believe it is late. I must go a moment into the drawing-room; do you know who is there?

SIR R. I saw the Duke of Argyle, madam.

QUEEN. Oh mon Dieu! I am so weary of that *Felt-Marshal* and his tottering head and his silly stories about the bishops, that I could cry whenever I am obliged to entertain him. And who is there more?

SIR R. There is my Lord President, madam.

QUEEN. Oh, that's very well. I shall talk to him about his fruit, and some silly council at the Cock-pit, and the Plantations; my Lord President loves the Plantations. . . . But who is there beside? Adieu, adieu, my good Sir Robert; I must go, though you are to-day excellent conversation.

ACT III.

Scene changes to great drawing-room. All the courtiers ranged in a circle.

Enter the QUEEN, led by LORD GRANTHAM, followed by the Princesses and all her train.

QUEEN curtsies very slightly: *Drawing-room bows and curtsies very low.*

QUEEN (*to the Duke of Argyle*). Where have been, my lord? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while, and one always misses you.

DUKE OF A. I have been in Oxfordshire, madam, and so long that I was asking my fath-

* It was the pious custom of the period to read prayers in the anteroom, while the Queen dressed: thus saving at once time and appearances.

er, Lord Selkirk, how to behave. I know nobody that knows the ways of a Court so well, or that has known them so long.

LORD SELKIRK. By God! my lord, I know nobody knows them better than the Duke of Argyle.

DUKE OF A. All I know, father, is as your pupil; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman.

LORD S. You often tell me things I do not believe.

QUEEN (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! you are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is a ways so lively. (*Turning to Lord President*) I think, my lord, you are a little of a country gentleman, too — you love Chiswick mightily; you have very good fruit there, and are very curious in it; you have very good plums.

LORD PRESIDENT. I like a plum, madam, mightily; it is a very pretty fruit.

QUEEN. The greengage, I think, is very good.

LORD PRES. There are three of that sort, madam; there is the true greengage, and there is the Drap d'Or, that has yellow spots; and there is the Reine Claude, that has red spots.

QUEEN. Ah, ah! One sees you are very curious, and that you understand these things perfectly well; upon my word, I did not know you was so deep in these things. You know the plums as Solomon did the plants, from the cedar to the hyssop.

QUEEN (*to 1st Court Lady*). I believe you found it very dusty?

1ST COURT LADY. Very dusty, madam.

QUEEN (*to 2d Court Lady*). Do you go soon into the country, madam?

2D COURT LADY. Very soon, madam.

QUEEN (*to 3d Court Lady*). The town is very empty, I believe, madam?

3D COURT LADY. Very empty, madam.

QUEEN (*to 4th Court Lady*). I hope all your family is very well, madam?

4TH COURT LADY. Very well, madam.

QUEEN (*to 5th Court Lady*). We have had the finest summer for walking in the world.

5TH COURT LADY. Very fine, madam.

(*Enter LORD GRANTHAM, in a hurry.*)

LORD GRANTHAM. Ah dere is my Lord Hervey in your Majesty gallery; he is in de frock and de bob, or he should have come in.

QUEEN. Mon Dieu! my Lord Grantham, you are mad!

LORD G. He is dere, all so live as he was; and has play de trick to see as we should all say.

QUEEN. Then he is mad. *Allons voir qu'est ce que c'est que tout ceci.*

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

We are sorry that want of space compels us to cut out from this clever *jeu d'esprit* the conversation with Sir Robert Walpole, in which Caroline gives her opinion of the

difficulties of English law and the disadvantages of English liberty. Enlightened as she was, an occasional gleam of understanding of the real blessings of the English Constitution, or at least of its comparative advantages as a thing unique in the world, now and then crossed her understanding; but it is scarcely to be supposed that a woman brought up in a despotic little German Court, and brought up to reign, should have so entirely cast away prejudice and prepossession as to receive it, with its unquestionable imperfections, as the ideal government.

"I have heard her," says Lord Hervey, "at different times speak with great indignation against the assertors of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despatch, the humble servant of Parliament — the pensioner of his people — a puppet of sovereignty that was forced to go to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court them that were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. . . . At other times she was more on her guard; I have heard her say, she wondered how the English could imagine that any sensible prince would take away their liberty if he could. 'Mon Dieu!' she cried, 'what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government. It is its excellent free government that makes all its inhabitants industrious, as they know that what they get nobody can take from them — it is its free government, too, that makes foreigners send their money thither, because they know it is secure, and that the prince cannot touch it; and since it is its freedom to which this kingdom owes everything that makes it great, what prince who had his senses, and knew that his own greatness depended on the greatness of the country over which he reigned, would wish to take away what made both him and them considerable? I had as lief,' she added, 'be Elector of Hanover as King of England if the government was the same. *Quel diable*, that had anything else, would take you all, or think you worth having, if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing in that case for Bridgeman and Kent to cut out into gardens; but for the figure it would make in Europe it would be of no more consequence here in the West than Madagascar in the East; and for this reason, as impudent and as insolent as you all are with your troublesome liberty, your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinences than cure them — a way that would lessen their influence in Europe full as much as it would increase their power at home.'"

Her education and early ways of thinking made it also very difficult for the Queen to sympathise in the insular policy

which, in Sir Robert Walpole's hands, had already come into being. She was not convinced that it was for the interest of England to stand apart and take no share in the wars of the Continent—an opinion in which perhaps by this time many of us are again beginning to join. In respect to this a curious little circumstance is related to us, which proves oddly enough at once the Queen's faithfulness to her political adviser, even when she did not agree with him, and the powerful nature of her agency. "What is very surprising, yet what I know to be true," says Lord Hervey, referring to this question of non-intervention in the quarrels of the Continental nations—"the arguments of Sir Robert Walpole, conveyed through the Queen to the King, so wrought upon him that they quite changed the colour of his Majesty's sentiments, though they did not tinge the channel through which they flowed"—a singular instance surely of candid dealing, and that rarest of all forms of truthfulness, the perfectly honest transmission by one mind of the arguments of another. Partly in spite of his royal clients, partly with their consent, Sir Robert kept the peace, and achieved the position of peacemaker and final umpire for England, which had been the height of his hopes. His arbitration, it is true, was not for the moment successful, but that was a secondary matter. England and *Holland* were the maritime powers which literally, as well as figuratively, lay on their oars, and waited for the moment to propose terms of peace, which should bring France and Spain and the Holy Empire, and poor Italy, always dismembered and bleeding, once more to amicable terms. Curious junction! strange change!—though indeed there may be doubts whether England, shut up in her insularity, is not almost as little likely now to hold the balance straight in a distracted world, or to act as umpire in an imperial quarrel, as *Holland* itself.

We have left untouched one of the very worst points in Caroline's life, her supposed hatred of, and certain estrangement from, her eldest son. She had seven children; and to all the others it is evident that she was a tender and judicious mother. But she was not the kind of woman with whom love is blind. There is not one trace of wilful unkindness to Prince Frederick throughout the close narrative of her life which we have been following. Though he conducted himself on every occasion with the most insolent disregard of his parents' wishes, and though it is evident that Caro-

line's heart was alienated from him, and that the weak and treacherous young profligate had forfeited every claim upon her affection, it is also clear that she treated him throughout with a great deal of the same almost unearthly tolerance which she showed to his father. Affairs came to an actual breach between them only after two acts of his which left no alternative possible between peace and war,—his application to Parliament for an increase of the income which came to him through his father's hands, and the unpardonable insult offered to both his parents on the occasion of the birth of his first child.

This inconceivable piece of folly, with all its revolting details, was enough to alienate and disgust the most patient of mothers. The Royal family and their attendants were at Hampton Court enjoying such country pleasures as were possible to them, "hunting twice a-week," no doubt, as usual, and spending their evenings over ombre, commerce, and quadrille, as was their custom. On one of these quiet, not to say dull, evenings, while the Royal party sat tranquil over their cards, the poor little Princess of Wales—a young submissive creature, with no will of her own—was dragged out of the palace by her husband and carried off to London, while actually suffering from the acutest of human pangs. Her child was born about an hour after her arrival. When an express came from St. James's in the middle of the night to intimate this unlooked-for birth, Caroline, confounded, called for her "night-gown" and her coach, and set off at half-past two in the morning to see into the incomprehensible affair. But neither at that exciting moment nor at any previous period does she seem to have either done or said anything unmotherly or unkind.

On her second visit, her son and her son's wife, and all the parasites surrounding them, gave her to perceive that she was unwelcome; and after that, for the first time it is recorded that the Queen, following the example of her husband, who for years had never exchanged a word with his undutiful son, ceased to speak to him when they met on public occasions, or even when they dined together in public. There is nothing revolting, nothing unnatural in her behaviour. She was the medium of communication, such communication as there could be, between the King and the Prince, even after this supreme affront. But it is utterly impossible to conceive that even the affection of a mother could sustain such a stroke unmoved. Mothers can bear much—but

it is the foolish youth, the prodigal, the young creature led astray, the child who still may return, and between whom and herself no chasm of natural separation has been made, for whom and from whom a woman endures everything. When the son is a mature man, with separate connections, separate interests, a standing in the world utterly distinct from hers, it is not in nature that the mother should continue as blind to his faults and as infatuated in his favour as in the days of his youth. Caroline's son had placed himself at the head of a faction against her; he had repudiated her influence, and set her authority, her affection, herself, at naught; he was her political enemy, building his own hopes of success on the overthrow of hers. Under such changed relations, the maternal tie cannot but undergo some corresponding change.

During these later years of her life, the Queen and her favourite and affectionate child, Caroline, talk together with tears and indignation of the unmannerly and unmanly lout. There is nobody who approves of him, even among his own friends. The Princess Royal Anne marries, with a kind of fierce determination, the unlovely Prince of Orange, in order that she may not be left in her brother's power. The family is of one mind on the subject. And when, on his return from Germany, King George is supposed to have been shipwrecked and lost at sea, the anxiety of the Queen as to her son's treatment of her shows how entirely all faith in him either as son or man has left her. But yet Caroline makes no reprisals, nor even reproaches. She treats with a certain contemptuous kindness his poor little obedient wife, believing her entirely under his sway. She bids God bless the "little rat of a girl" who was painfully brought into a disagreeable world after the flight above recorded. There is nothing in her conduct to the rebel household which the spectator even at this long distance can find fault with. She is not an all-believing, all-hoping, all-enduring mother. Such a rôle was impossible to her. But even in the midst of her revolted affection, her indignation and displeasure, and inevitable contempt, she is always considerate and tolerant — never harsh or cruel.

In the year 1737 the quarrel came to a public climax when the dispute between the Prince of Wales and the King in the question of his income, was brought before Parliament. There seems little doubt that so far as simple justice went, he had right on his side. In the immense Civil List granted to the King, £100,000 had been

tacitly allotted to the Prince as his share: it is true that no express stipulation had been made, but there appears no doubt that such was the understanding. And George II., while Prince of Wales, had himself enjoyed a similar income. He had, however, kept his son on an uncertain allowance — giving him £30,000 before his marriage, and £50,000 after it. The Prince's desire to get possession of the full income intended for him was not, certainly, an unnatural one, though, in times so ticklish, the attempt to extort it by Parliamentary interference, to humiliate the King, and force him into action contrary at once to his pride and his wishes, was as unwise as can be well conceived. It raised an extraordinary commotion in the agitated Court. "The King took the first notice of this business with more temper and calmness than anybody expected he would," says Hervey; "and the Queen, from the beginning of the affair to the end of it, was in much greater agitation and anxiety than I ever saw her on any other occasion." She had borne the riots, the opposition, and threats of rebellion steadily; she had borne her husband's amazing sins and confessions with self-command and true patience; but when the son, to whom she is said to have been so harsh a mother, thus ranged himself in hostile array against her, Caroline's strength gave way.

"Her concern was so great that more tears flowed on this occasion than I ever saw her shed on all other occasions put together. She said she had suffered a great deal from many disagreeable circumstances this last year: the King's staying abroad; the manner in which his stay had been received and talked of here; her daughter the Princess Royal's danger in lying-in; and the King's danger at sea: but that her grief and apprehension at present surpassed everything she had ever felt before; that she looked on her family from this moment as distracted with divisions of which she could see or hope no end — divisions which would give the common enemies to her family such advantages as might one time or other enable them to get the better of it; and though she had spirits and resolution to struggle with most misfortunes and difficulties, this last, she owned, got the better of her — that it was too much for her to bear; that it not only got the better of her spirits and resolution, but of her appetite and rest, as she could neither eat nor sleep; and that she really feared it would kill her."

Poor Queen! this in her despondency no doubt seemed as if it would be the end of all; all her struggles to secure her family upon that tottering unsteady throne, all her

heroic self-control, her humiliations, her tedious and lingering labour, the thousand hard endeavours to which she bent her spirit. She had supported the father's uncertain steps, and turned him, unwilling but submissive, at such cost to herself as no one but herself could reckon, into the safe way. And her struggle was all to be made of no avail by the stubborn folly of her son. She had never been seen so sad. He had not at any time been her best-beloved, and for years she had been alienated from him; but still it was for him and his children she had toiled so hardly. And here was to be an end of it all. Caroline was not alone in thinking so. The Prince had moved heaven and earth to get a majority, and everybody believed he had secured it. The day before the debate was to come on, Sir Robert Walpole managed to move the King and Queen to send a proposal for a compromise, offering that the £50,000 should be settled on the Prince without possibility of withdrawal, and that a jointure of £50,000 should be given to the Princess. The proposal was rejected, not without additional stings to Caroline, and the debate came on accordingly. It does not seem, notwithstanding the excitement that preceded it, to have been a remarkable debate, and the Prince, contrary to all expectations, lost by a majority of thirty. "Most people," says Lord Hervey, calmly, "thought it (the majority) cost a great deal of money; but Sir Robert Walpole and the Queen both told me separately that it cost the King but £900 — £500 to one man and £400 to another." In short, it was an unprecedented bargain. At a later period Sir Robert indignantly bade his master reflect how cheap it had been. "£900 was all this great question cost him." When victories were going at such a ruinous sacrifice, how could a King have the audacity to complain?

This was the last year of Caroline's life; it was distracted and embittered by ceaseless re-openings of the quarrel with her son, carried on on his part by a succession of hypocritical letters of apology, in which his utter innocence of any intention to offend is repeated with sickening plausibility. The Queen on her side was no doubt driven to use language which sounds both harsh and coarse to our ears, though it was the usual style of speech in those days. She wishes with angry tears that Lady Bristol, Lord Hervey's mother, a violent and foolish woman, could but have the Prince, whose friend she was, for her son, and leave to poor Caroline the man whose almost filial duty was her own chief comfort. This bitter quarrel,

however, in the course of which their own history was raked up, seems to have brought the Queen and King together. There is not a word of Hanover or its goddess as the autumn falls. No public affairs seem to have been in hand of importance enough to distract to other things the painful and exaggerated feeling which a household engaged in a family struggle always fixes upon that point. A few *tracasseries*, and nothing more — questions whether Sir Robert Walpole is as much in favour as before, and if the Duke of Newcastle is to be kept in office — flit like shadows across the scene which is beginning to be darkened by a more awful shadow. Caroline was not old. She was but fifty-two, scarcely arrived at the boundary of middle age; but her course was very nearly over. No doubt the pangs of that hard year had told upon her, and for ten years her life had been spent in a mixture of great and little cares which were enough to have worn out any constitution. But it was not the custom of the house of Hanover to be ill or take care of health. She had taken no care of hers. Horace Walpole tells us, though he does not give his authority, that in her determination "never to refuse a desire of the King's" she had risked her very existence in the wildest way. In order to be able to walk, "more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water, to be able to attend him," he says. And besides all these imprudences, she had a serious disease, a rupture, which she concealed jealously, giving her biographers the trouble to make many wondering excuses for her on the score that she would not make herself disagreeable to the King. The King, however, was the only, or almost the only, person in her painful secret; and no doubt the real reason was, a certain proud and *farouche* modesty in all personal matters, which was very common among women of former generations, however plain-spoken or even light-minded they might be. She was taken ill one November day, but got up, and "saw the company as usual." Making some half-playful half-plaintive grumbles to Lord Hervey, as she passed him, she went, as was her wont, from one to another, and talked and did her painful duty.

"Coming back again to Lord Hervey, she said, 'I am not able to entertain people.' 'Would to God,' replied Lord Hervey, 'the King would have done talking of the Dragon of Wantley and release you.' [This was a new silly farce which everybody went to see.] At last the King went away, telling the Queen, as

he went by, that she had overlooked the Duchess of Norfolk. The Queen made her excuse for having done so to the Duchess of Norfolk, the last person she ever spoke to in public, and then retired, going immediately to bed, where she grew worse every moment."

Thus began the awful story of a deathbed so extraordinary in some points that it seems almost an unnecessary undertaking to tell it over again. Nobody can have glanced at it in the barest record and ever forget the scene. Caroline in harness to the last, after her excuse to the overlooked Duchess, lay for eleven days fighting with death, undaunted and resolute as ever. The only thing that seems to have discomposed her, was the revelation of her secret, and the consequent measures that were taken. She turned her face to the wall and shed tears when she could no longer conceal it—the only tears she shed for herself. But she did not hesitate to give herself over to the painful and useless operations with which doctors of every age and degree of enlightenment torture people who are past help. She knew it was of no use. She would look at the Princesses and shake her head, when the King told her how much better she was.

When the hour of her torture came, she turned wistfully to ask him if he approved what the surgeons proposed to do; and on receiving his assurance that it was thought necessary, submitted with that resolution which had never failed her. Her two daughters were by her bedside night and day;—the poor tender Caroline, a little helpless and hysterical; the Princess Amelia, useful but somewhat hard in her kindness. As for the King, he was heartbroken, but he was himself. He could not leave her in peace at that last moment. By way of watching over her, "he lay on the Queen's bed all night in his night-gown, where he could not sleep, nor she turn about easily." He went out and in continually, telling everybody, with tears, of her great qualities. But he could not restrain the old habit of scolding when he was by her side. "How the devil should you sleep when you will never lie still a moment!" he cried, with an impatience which those who have watched by deathbeds will at least understand. "You want to rest, and the doctors tell you nothing can do you so much good, and yet you always move about. Nobody can sleep in that manner, and that is always your way; you never take the proper method to get what you want, and then you wonder you have it not." When her weary eyes, weary of watching the troubled comings and

goings about her, fixed upon one spot, the alarmed, excited, hasty spectator, cried out, "with a loud and quick voice," "Mon Dieu, qu'est ce que vous regardez? Comment peut-on fixer ces yeux comme ça?" he cried.

He tortured her to eat, as many a healthful watcher does with cruel kindness. "How is it possible you should not know whether you like a thing or not?" he said. He was half crazed with sorrow and love, and a kind of panic. And he was garrulous, and talked without intermission of her and of himself, with a vague historical sense, as if talking of a life that had come to an end.

When the Queen had been given over, and was no longer teased with false hopes, she gave her children her last advice and blessing. The eldest son, the Esau, who had sold his birthright, was not there. He was at his own house in town, flattering himself that "*we shall soon have good news; she cannot hold out much longer.*" Nor was Anne, the Princess Royal, at her mother's bedside. But she had her boy, William, he whom in this solemn domestic scene one grudges to think of as Cumberland, and her younger daughters. She enjoined her son to stand by the King, but never to do any thing against his brother. She committed to her daughter, Caroline, the charge of her two little girls, Mary and Louisa. "Poor Caroline, it is a fine legacy I leave you," she said. She was the one calm and tearless amid her weeping family. Then she turned to the King. It is here that the scene rises to a horrible power, half-grotesque, almost half-comic, amid the tragedy. She counselled him to marry again, as he sat sobbing by her bedside. Poor man, he was hysterical, too, with grief and excitement. Wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: "*Non — j'aurai des maîtresses.*" To which the Queen made no other reply than, "*Ah, mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas!*" Criticism stands confounded before such an incident. Perhaps it is possible poor Caroline, sick and weary, did not wish for the successor she suggested a life more perfect than her own had been; and we all know by experience, though we will never allow in theory, that the near approach of death has as little moral effect upon the mind as that of any other familiar accident of life.

Then her Minister, the man whom she had made and kept supreme in England, came to say his farewell. Perhaps Caroline by that time had slid beyond the power of those arts which she had practised all her life. She spoke to Sir Robert, having little breath to spare, barely what she meant,

From The Eclectic Review.

without considering the King, his temper, and his pride. "My good Sir Robert," she said, to the kneeling and alarmed Minister who dropped some tears by her bedside, "you see me in a very indifferent situation. I have nothing to say to you but to recommend the King, my children, and the kingdom to your care." Even in the presence of the dying, Sir Robert's heart gave a throb of terror as he scrambled up plethoric from his knees. Where was the Queen's usual prudence and *ménagement*? Caroline had come to the bare elements, and could now *ménager* no more.

Then she had the Archbishop of Canterbury brought to her by Walpole's coarse suggestion; but we have no record of what passed during the prayers, which were no longer said outside her room. She desired him to take care of Dr. Butler, the clerk of her closet, the famous author of the "Analogy." On the Sunday, weary of her suffering, she asked the doctor how long it could last. It lasted only till the evening. "I have now got an asthma," she said, with what almost seems a last faint playfulness. "Open the window" — and then after an interval — "pray."

This was her last word: with it the shadows fall around one of the most remarkable lives that has ever been lived in England. "Her Grace was in a heavenly disposition," the prudent Archbishop said, as he stole through the questioning crowd. Even her warmest panegyrist would scarcely venture to affirm so much now of Caroline. Her life was little spiritual, but it was very human. Her heart was most stout, resolute, and faithful; and she had that quality which Queen Catherine adds as a crowning grace to the excellencies of the good woman — she had a great patience. Never, perhaps, was there such a wife, and seldom such a queen.

MORE than a dozen years ago a certain Sergeant Longlands was supposed to be possessed of poetic fire, and was induced to publish a poem called *Othello Doomed*. The Moor, dying, was supposed to have departed to a place as sooty as himself. The moment he arrived, being in an exceedingly bad temper, he began to curse all round. He cursed the locality, he cursed his companions, he cursed the extreme heat of the apartments. Then suddenly he stopped to correct himself. It occurred to him that in such a domicile, anathemas might be a needless superfluity. "Oh," said Othello, as imagined by this untutored genius —

Oh, but this is sending coals to Castle New,
And thou, Beelzebub, accused be you!

— Once a Week.

GLEANINGS AFTER THE TALMUD.*

THE paper to which we have referred in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*, powerfully written, full of learning, and rich in interest, has excited in many circles of readers so large an amount of general notice, that it may very naturally form a subject of some remarks. Two things have especially impressed us in the attention it has awakened; — first, the general sense, apparently entertained, that nothing of any account, of a popular kind, has been written concerning the Talmud before; next to this we confess ourselves to have been startled by the apparent intention of the writer, in his enthusiasm and his determination to glorify its teachings, to show, apparently, that Christ was a Talmudistic teacher, and that the aim of his Ministry was to develop and unfold the Talmud, perhaps in something the same way as His Apostles developed and unfolded His doctrines; our third impression was, of the utter mistake we had been under with reference to the Talmud all along. We knew from the beautiful little volume of Mr. Hurwitz,† and from the translations in the *Hebrew Review*, that the Talmud abounds with many beautiful allegories and parables. The Hebrew mind would be sure to illustrate itself by much that is gorgeous and rich in the productions of fancy and imagination, but for the unbroken stream of eulogy, the unqualified admiration, in which the writer has expressed himself we were certainly not prepared. We always knew that it was not merely a collection of wild fables, and impossible stories, defying in their stupendousness everything approaching to common-sense, but, on the contrary, we did not suppose that it was simply a collection of "flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose;" we had an idea, indeed, that there was a great deal more of the first than the last, in

- * 1 The Traditions of the Jews, with the Expositions and Doctrines of the Rabbins, contained in the Talmud, and other Rabbinical Writers, translated from the High Dutch. 2 vols. 1732.
- 2 Miscellaneous Discourses relating to the Traditions and Usages of the Scribes and Pharisees in Our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ's Time. 2 vols. By W. Wotton, D.D. 1718.
- 3 The History of the Jews, &c., &c., being a Supplement and Continuation of the History of Josephus. Written in French, by Mr. Besençon, translated into English by T. O. Taylor, M.A. 1708.
- 4 Quarterly Review. October, 1867. Article, Talmud.

† Hebrew Tales; selected and translated from the Writings of the Ancient Hebrew Sages, to which is prefixed an Essay on the unaltered Literature of the Hebrews. By Hyman Hurwitz.

these mysterious writings. The author of this paper seems quite to ignore the first, and give us only the last; he is, in truth, a thorough Talmudistic enthusiast. To vindicate the Talmud, it is necessary that he should vindicate the Pharisees, and in order to do this he has to show that Christ was on good terms with them; they were the guardians of the Talmud, they were its most devoted admirers; "the Pharisees," he tells us were "simply the people." There "were among them," he says, "the most patriotic, noble-minded, and advanced leaders of the party of progress." He says:—

Before leaving this period of Mishnic development, we have yet to speak of one or two things. This period is the one in which Christianity arose; and it may be as well to touch here upon the relation between Christianity and the Talmud—a subject much discussed of late. Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the Talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, "among Jews, by Jews, for Jews," cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more points of vital contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realise; for such terms as "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," "Kingdom of Heaven," were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against "lip-serving," against "making the law a burden to the people," against "laws that hang on hairs," against "Priests and Pharisees."

So that the impression left on the reader's mind seems to be that Christ simply gathered up and uttered the notes of the Talmud, or as we have said, developed it. In the course of the little space we can devote, with our unlearned and illiterate possessions to the matter, we are rather desirous of exhibiting another side of the book, simply remarking at first, that the author's expression, a "luxuriant Talmudical wilderness," seems very appropriately to describe the strange heterogeneous lore through which the reader has to ramble who determines on making himself acquainted with it.

The writer of the article in the *Quarterly* may well exclaim twice, "What is the Talmud?" We suppose there is scarcely a collection of writings on the face of the

earth so little known and so difficult to explore. A poor Capuchin friar, and he not a dunce, mistook it once for a man's name, clenching some argument with the expression, "as Rabbi Talmud says." Many readers have been almost in as dark a predicament regarding "Rabbi Talmud;" this collection of writings, uninspired, produced through many ages, commentaries upon and illustrations of the inspired writings, form as wild a collection of literary wonders as ever startled or amused in a German story, or puzzled the most active and bottomless metaphysician. It is the Jew's final book, his commentary upon all the difficulties of Scripture; and although the reader will find few intimations of it in the article in the *Quarterly*, we assure him that the marvels of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, or the weird or supernatural wonders and horrors of Hoffman's stories are all outdone here; here he shall read how infants in the womb are instructed in the law, and of an egg the white of which overflowed three-score villages, and of a fish of such monstrous size that, it shattered to pieces three-score cities, by the violence with which one was cast ashore; here he may read how the trees talked with Adam, and what song they sang, and how, when a tree is hewn down, its voice is heard from one end of the world to the other; he may read of the voices which passed through the world, and which are not yet heard by any creatures in it; he may learn how to see devils and the art of sorcery; here we learn the cause of dogs howling in the night, and we learn of the supernumerary soul which every Jewish believer is furnished with on the Jewish Sabbath. The Talmud teaches the transmigration of the soul, and how it travels into birds, beasts, and fishes, leaves, trees, stones, water, and water-mills; stories are told us of fugitive souls which travel about and possess unfortunate human beings; Nature and her laws are made nothing of in the Talmud; animals, stones, and trees all speak, and as to the letters of the alphabet they talk to Almighty God face to face. Some things are more useful; cautions are given not to stand naked before a candle, for he who does so will be visited by a consumption; and cautions are given to us how to behave when struck with fear, "Let him who is struck with fear leap from his place four ells, and pronounce these words, 'Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord;' but if he stand on a place that is unclean, then let him say, 'The Goat in the Barn is fatter than I am.'" In various Talmuds, or parts of the Talmud, the

reader will find set forth the parts and piety of animals. He will learn, more distinctly than from any other quarter, that the ass is remarkable for its piety, so much so that it will not eat of anything which has not paid tithe; this was the case with the ass of Rabbi Phinehas. We read of a cow which would neither plough nor harrow on the Sabbath-day, while Rabbi Jose's ass would never go about any work that deserved more than the price it was agreed to be done for. These and thousands of other such matters, many of them not so decent in their setting as to be consigned to the pages of a popular periodical, are they not written in the books of the Talmud?

The most charitable construction, the most simple desire to perform an act of mere literary justice, cannot, we suppose, exonerate the Talmud from the charge of ridiculous trifling; the great and patient scholar, Lightfoot, one every way entitled to speak upon the matter, remarks upon "the unconquerable difficulty of the style, the frightful roughness of the language, the amazing emptiness and sophistry of the matters handled." "Talmud authors," he says, "everywhere abound with trifles in that manner as though they had no mind to be read; with obscurities and difficulties as though they had no mind to be understood; so that the reader hath need of patience all along to enable him to bear both trifling in sense, and roughness in expression." We are far from the wish to discourage in those who choose to front the fearful difficulty, the study, and the author of the article in the *Quarterly*, we should suppose, must have very considerably mastered the difficulty; still we have Lightfoot, and Goodwin, and Wootton, and Buxtorf to guide us already, and with such guides as these to be called upon to regard our Lord as a Talmudic teacher, and the simple Divine light shining from the New Testament as bearing any relation to these piles of Rabbinical absurdity, meets with little more sympathy from us than if the attempt had been made to show us that Mahomet and the Koran are to be regarded as the development of Christianity. There are two Talmuds, or rather there are very many, but beneath two great arrangements; the one is called the Babylonian, the other the Jerusalem Talmud; in fact the text of both, that is the Mishna, is the same, the Gemara or commentary differs. Neither had their existence in the present form until several centuries after Christ; the Palestine, or Jerusalem Talmud, does not date beyond the fourth, nor the Babylonian beyond the fifth century; these

existed many centuries before, but in the memories of scholars, and in scraps and portions of secret writing, and in those academies, Judaic schools, which existed not only nearly a century before the birth of Christ, but which were we know an ancient institution of Judaism. These writings, then, when wild vehement persecution scattered the Jews abroad, were collected and reduced to a system; and from the authoritative and authentic expositions of the great doctors of the temple service, the Rabbis who give — but give, we assure our readers, often in the very queerest manner — the gloss upon the text, the most strange and astonishingly ludicrous incidents are rounded by some text of Scripture upon which the reader unexpectedly alights, and which he learns it was the intention of the incident to illustrate; thus, concerning the creation of angels, "Rabbi Samuel, the son of Nachman, hath said, the Rabbi Jonathan hath taught that out of every word which proceedeth out of the Holy and Blessed God is created an angel, for it is said by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host by the Spirit of His mouth." It is a curious thing to be expected to believe that land leaps up and runs forward to meet a traveller. Sheridan said "that the worst of getting drunk was that the ground leaped up and bit him on the head;" in the Talmud we find that the earth leaped up to greet three persons. It happened to Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, for we find it written "and I came this day to the well," which was as much as to say, "that he came from Lord Abraham, and into Mesopotamia on the same day."

This is an exact illustration of the way the Talmud commentaries usually trifle with texts, and concerning "Father Jacob" there is a gloss like unto it. "And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran, and came to the place, and when he came to Haran, he said, Perchance I went through the place where my fathers worshipped and I did not worship there, and he intended to go back; but as he considered of his going back, the earth, that is the place where he would have worshipped, leaped towards him and he came to that place." We have many instances of this leaping of the earth; concerning the text, "Why leap ye, ye high hills?" it is said by Rabbi José, "When the holy and blessed God descended to give the law on Mount Sinai, the hills ran and strove against one another. One of the hills said 'Upon me shall the law be given.' Another said, 'Upon me shall the law be given.' Mount Tabor came from Bethlehem, and

Mount Carmel from Spain, and this is that which is written, 'As I live saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, surely as Tabor is amongst the mountains, and Carmel by the sea.' One hill said, 'I am called,' and the other said, 'I am called.' Then said the holy and blessed God, 'Why leap ye, ye high hills? Ye are all hills, but ye are all knobbed.' This is what the Scripture saith. 'Ye are all crooked-backed hills; upon all your tops idolatry hath been committed.' But of Sinai he saith, 'This is the hill that God desireth to dwell in.' These are illustrations of the genius and learning of the Rabbins. This is the method by which they opened the dark sayings, and knotty difficulties. But we will refer to more curious matters; some indeed of the most curious we must leave as, for instance, where we are told, that "God created the first man with two faces; for how otherwise are we to understand the text, 'for thou hast fashioned me behind and before?'" When Adam was originally created, he reached from the earth to the firmament of heaven; but after he sinned, God laid his hands on him and reduced him to a less size; for it is not written, 'And thou hast laid thy hand upon me?'" We may, perhaps, amuse our readers, however, and at the same time give some idea of the nature of the Talmud, if we select a few of those stories to which we have already alluded, as giving such strange interest to these mystical pages. The story of the staff given to Adam, is one of these singular legends; it seems to be derived through Rabbi Elieser, from the Rabbi Levi. The "Wondrous Staff" was created between the stars, that is in the evening, and given to Adam, Adam gave it to Enoch, Enoch to Noah, Noah to Shem, Shem to Abraham, Abraham to Isaac, Isaac to Jacob, Jacob carried it along with him into Egypt, and gave it to his son Joseph. When Joseph died his household goods were seized and carried to the palace of Pharaoh; there was an inscription upon it, and when Pharaoh read it, he set an esteem upon the Staff and planted it in the midst of his garden; none but Pharaoh might approach it, but when Moses entered the garden, he drew near, read the inscription, laid hold upon it, and carried it away. The story varies a little; some describe it as having been found with the inscription in the garden of Jethro, his father-in-law; by some Rabbis, it is described as of the almond tree; by others of the Talmudic writings, as cut from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and when Moses had sinned, it is said that this staff was taken from him, for he had beaten the

rock with it; but when he repented another staff was given to him, made out of the tree of life; the inscription on this staff was the wonderful "Schemhamphorash." This wonderful word, as our readers know, is the key which was given by the angel Michael to Pali, and by Pali to Moses. If "thou can read Schemhamphorash, then shall thou understand the words of men, the words of cattle, the whistling of birds, the words of beasts, the voices of dogs, the language of devils, the language of ministering angels, the language of date trees, the motion of the sea, the unity of hearts, and the murmuring of the tongue, nay even the thoughts of the rains." We have no idea in whose hands this staff is now, or who holds the key of Schemhamphorash; but judging from this description, the likeliest person to have possessed it in these latter ages, seems to have been Shakespeare; perhaps Goethe knew some of the letters.

When Moses received the Law, say the most celebrated of these Rabbins, he went into heaven, and he met there with marvellous adventures, not unlike those which the Koran recites of Mahomet and Gabriel. Before he ascended, a cloud came and placed itself before him; he went into it and walked about in it as a man walks about on the earth, for indeed it was a kind of chariot of conveyance to him, as it is written, "And Moses went into the midst of the cloud." But when the door-keeper of heaven, Kémuel, the angel who is set over the twelve thousand angels of destruction, who stand before the doors of destruction, met him, he said, "Whence, thou son of Amram, this desire of thine to pass into the place of the fiery angels?" And Moses said, "I come by the command of the Holy and Blessed God to receive the law, and to carry it down to the Israelites." But Kémuel still opposed his passage, therefore Moses struck him down, and beat him such blows as wounded him, and even thought of destroying him out of the creation. Then Moses went on up into the firmament, and there he met the angel Hadarniel, of whom it is said, that he is sixty thousand leagues higher than his companion, and that with every word he utters, issue twelve thousand darts of light. He met Moses, and said, "What business hast thou in this place of exalted saints?" And Moses was struck with fear, and tears gushed from his eyes, and he was ready to fall from the cloud; but the Holy and blessed God had compassion on him, and said to Hadarniel, "From the day that I created thee thou hast been a very quarrelsome angel. When I created

man thou wast dissatisfied, and said to me, 'What is man that thou regardest him?' And now thou art spiteful against him who is faithful in My house, and whom I have called hither to receive My law." When Hadarniel heard the Holy and blessed God, he said, "Lord of the World, Thou knowest that I was ignorant of Thy permission for his coming hither. Now I will be his harbinger, and walk before him as a servant walks before his master." Then he bowed himself before Moses, and went before him till he came unto the fire of the angel Sandelson. Then he spoke to Moses, and said, "Go back, for I dare not tarry, lest the fire of Sandelson should destroy me." And when Moses saw Sandelson, he trembled with fear, and tears gushed again from his eyes, and again he was ready to fall from the cloud. Then he prayed to God for mercy, and he was heard for the love that God bore to Israel, and the Lord descended from His throne of glory, and stood before Moses till he had passed the fire of Sandelson, as it is written, "And the Lord passed before him and proclaimed," &c. When Moses had passed by Sandelson he came to Rigion, the fiery river, which is set and kept in a flame by fiery angels, and in which they all bathe themselves, and whose source is under the throne of glory; and God led Moses from this river, and immediately after Moses was met by Galizur, surnamed Rasiel, at the sight of whom Moses trembled; but God protected him. But when he had passed by Rasiel, he was met by an immense company of dreadful angels, of most fierce aspect. These surrounded the throne of Glory, and were the strongest and mightiest of all the angels. They opposed him with their fiery breath; flames issued from their mouths ready to consume him, because he was come to carry away the law, which they wished to keep in heaven for themselves. Then the Lord clothed Moses with the brightness of His glory, and He said to Moses, "Since they wish to keep the law to themselves, talk to them, and give them an answer." And Moses said, "It is written in the law, 'I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt.' Have you served in Egypt? or have you been carried from thence, that you have need of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me.' Have you any idolatry amongst you, that you want a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?' Have you any business amongst you that requires the obligation of an oath? Again, it is said, 'Remember the Sabbath.' &c. Have

you any labour amongst you that you have need of rest on the Sabbath? It is written, 'Honour thy father and mother.' Have you any parents amongst you to honour and respect? It is written 'Thou shalt not kill.' Is there any blood shed amongst you that you must have a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Have you women amongst you, that you need the restraint of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Are there any goods amongst you in the firmament, that you stand in need of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Have you false witnesses? It is written, 'Thou shalt not covet.' Have you houses, lands, vineyards, that you need this law?" Then the ministering spirits gave up the discussion, and they sang, "Glorious is the Lord, our Ruler; glorious is Thy name in all the land." And God taught Moses the law ten days. Then the Angel of the Covenant delivered the law unto Moses and all the angels were instantly his friends. And they communicated the secret of names to him, and said, "Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts from men." The Angel of death also delivered something to him; as it is written, "He put on incense, and made atonement for the sins of the people." This is one of the more sublime legends; but some stir no feelings of reverence.

One of the Talmud treatises contains the story of Rabbi Jehosha Ben Levi getting into paradise by outwitting the Angel of Death; he was a perfectly righteous man, and when the time approached when he must die, the holy and blessed God said to the Angel of Death, "Comply with all that he requireth of thee." And the Angel of Death drew near to Jehosha, and said, "The time is near when thou must depart this life; I will grant thee what thou requirest." And the Rabbi said, "My request unto thee is that thou wilt show me my place in paradise." And the angel said, "Go along with me, and I will show it thee." And the Rabbi said, "Give me thy sword or knife, that thou mayst not therewith surprise me." And the angel delivered into his hands his sword, and then they went up together till they came unto the walls of paradise; and when they were come up to the walls, the angel raised Rabbi Jehosha up, and set him upon them, then jumped Rabbi Jehosha Ben Levi from the wall, and descended into paradise. But the Angel of Death being quick, caught hold of the skirts of his coat, and said, "Do thou come out of that." But the Rabbi swore by the

name of God, that being there, he would not come but from thence, and the Angel of Death had not power to enter in. There was consternation among the angels, and they said, "Oh, thou holy and blessed God, behold what this son of Levi hath done." And the blessed God said, "See if he hath ever before sworn or broken an oath." And they said, "He hath never, in all the days of his life, broken an oath." And then God said, "Is it so? Then he shall not go out." Then when the Angel of Death saw that he could not draw him out, he said to him, "Give me my sword." But Rabbi Jehosha refused, till a voice came from heaven, saying, "Give him the sword." And the Rabbi said to the Angel of Death, "Swear to me then, that thou wilt not be seen by any man or creature when thou takest away their souls." For before that, the Angel did openly, before the face of every one, slay mankind, even the infant in its mother's lap; and the Angel of Death did swear in that hour, and the Rabbi gave him his sword. Therefore, from that hour, neither the Angel of Death, nor his sword have been seen when he strikes. And the angels exalted their voice, and they went before the Rabbi, saying, "Make room for the son of Levi; make room for the son of Levi."

We have referred to the astonishing account of the entering of Moses into heaven, to receive the law. Still more astonishing is the Talmudical account of his death. There was great joy to the Angel of Death, when he found that Moses was not to enter into the Promised Land; but the heart of Moses sunk within him, and he prayed that if not permitted to enter into the land of Israel, that he might live in the world, and not die. But God said, "If thou diest not in this world, how can I gather thee to the life to come?" And Moses perceived that he could not avoid the path of death, even if he were permitted to assume the form of any creature, and then he said of God, "He is the Rock; His work is perfect; all His ways are a judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and upright is He." And he took a book and wrote therein "Schemhamphorash," and God said to Gabriel, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." And Gabriel said, "O, thou Lord of the World, how can I see him die, who is equal in worth to sixty times ten thousand? How can I grieve him who deserveth well?" Then God spake unto Michael, and said, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." And Michael said, "O, thou Lord of the World, I have been his instructor, and he hath been

my disciple, and can I see him die?" And then God said to the wicked Sammael, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." But Moses was writing "Schemhamphorash," and Sammael trembled. And Moses said, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked, and thou shalt not take from me my soul." And he pursued him, and took by means of Schemhamphorash, the horn of his glory from between his eyes, and one of his eyes he blinded; and Moses prevailed. But a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "The hour of thy death is upon thee, Moses." And Moses said, "Remember, O Lord, the day in which Thou didst appear to me in the fiery bush, and remember my standing before Thee on Mount Sinai, forty days and forty nights, and deliver me not, I pray Thee, into the hands and power of the Angel of Death." And a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "Fear not, I will take care of thee and bury thee." Then Moses arose, and sanctified himself after the manner of the seraphim, and then the holy and blessed God descended from the highest heavens, accompanied by the three mighty angels—Gabriel, Michael, and Sagsagel—to receive the soul of Moses. Michael made ready Moses's bed, Gabriel spread over it a sheet of the finest linen; Sagsagel stood at the feet, Michael on one side, and Gabriel on the other side at the head. Then said the holy and blessed God to Moses, "Moses, close thine eyelids," and Moses closed his eyelids; then God said to him, "Lay thine hand upon thy breast," and Moses laid his hand upon his breast. Then God said to him, "Lay thy feet one upon the other," and Moses laid his feet one upon the other, and in the same hour God called the soul of Moses out of his body, saying to her, "My daughter, one hundred and twenty years had I allotted thee to dwell in the body of Moses, the time hath come for thee to depart out of it; come forth, and tarry not." Then the soul of Moses cried unto God, "I know that Thou art the Lord of all spirits and of all souls, and that the souls of the living and the dead are in Thy hand; Thou didst create and form me, and hast upheld me in the body of Moses one hundred and twenty years, is there a body which is now purer than the body of Moses? No! therefore I love him and cannot depart from him." Then said God, "Soul, come forth and tarry not, and I will convey thee to the highest heaven, and place thee under the throne of My glory among the cherubim and seraphim, and will set thee over the host." In that same hour did the holy

and blessed God kiss Moses, and seized his soul with a kiss, — and God wept. This wonderful tradition must have been known to Dr. Watts, and thus have formed the foundation of those wondrously sweet verses on the death of Moses : —

Sweet was the journey to the sky

The wond'rous prophet tried.

"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die ;"

The prophet climbed and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay

Upon his Maker's breast ;

His Maker kissed his soul away,

And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath

That God's own Spirit gave :

His was the noblest path to death,

And his the sweetest grave.

It is in the possession of such curiosities as these, amidst heaps of the most worthless trash, that we have been disposed to place the chief value of the *Talmud*. Its wild and visionary poetry, audacious and defiant to all common-sense; seems to us much more entertaining — we had almost written valuable — than its nice refining, but purposeless readings of the law.

A curious department of the *Talmud* is occupied by traditions of Sodom and its marvellous iniquities. There were four judges in Sodom, who were liars, and promoters of lies, and perverters of justice; when any one had cut off an ear of his neighbour's ass, and the owner came before the judges for justice, they said, "Let the offender have the ass till its ear is grown again." When any one had wounded his neighbour they said to the wounded man, "Give him his fee for letting thee blood." He who went over a certain bridge paid a certain toll, but he who waded through the water over which the bridge was erected, paid double the toll; for upon a time there came a traveller, and they said to him, "Pay us the toll," but he said, "I waded through the water;" and they said, "Sayest thou so, give us, then, double the toll, thou hast had the use of the water." When Eliezer, Abraham's servant, came to Sodom, they wounded him, and he went before the judge, and the judge said to him, "Give him that did wound thee his fee for letting thee blood." Then took up Eliezer a stone, and wounded therewith the judge, and the judge said to him, "What meanest this?" Eliezer replied, "Give him who wounded me the fee that is due to myself for wounding thee, because I have bruised thee and made thee

bloody, therefore I keep the money which I was to have paid." There was once a girl in Sodom who conveyed to a beggar some bread, when they discovered this, they besmeared the girl all over with honey, and set her on the top of a wall, then came the wasps and devoured her; and these are the things intended in the words "And the Lord said, because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great." It may excite some surprise that treatises so strangely rich in the most extravagant stories have not, on account of this very human interest, become much better known; but the stories are strangely imbedded in a rare conglomerate formation, and on many accounts are difficult to get at. As freaks of the human mind, grotesque plungings and welterings of the imagination in an ocean or chaos of improbabilities, they seem to transcend everything we have on this side the Hindoo myth. It must be admitted, we think, that as compared with this the tales of the *Talmud* have a much more human glow, and even in their entrance to the sphere of souls, a more apprehensible interest. The Bible seems to have been used by them as a kind of quarry, from whence they might leap down into strange gulfs, or dart about in absurd directions, or wheel upward, round and round, in absurd gyrations. Many of the writers of the *Talmud* use the Scripture as a lunatic uses language. There can be no doubt not only that they knew, but that they revered Scriptural lore, and a lunatic may know, and use, and have confidence in the language he employs, but his words become very different things to what they are on the tongue of genius and sanity. That there is much in the *Talmud* of sweet poetry, rich common-sense, a refined conception of the holiness of the law of God, elevated moral sentiment, cannot be doubted. The writer of the paper in the *Quarterly* on the *Talmud* gives many proofs of this, and the various works beneath our hands and before our eyes show this; but it is marvellous that this literature and lore of the *Talmud* should belong to the same people to whom we are indebted for the Scriptures, and most marvellous to think that it should ever be suspected that Christ consciously fused down its doctrines and teachings, and employed its expressions systematically to develop and unfold it in Himself. It suggests the human question, — how could He do it? He had not sat at the feet of Hillel, He had not been a student in the schools of the Rabbis, without this, how could He know this lore, for it was for the most part conveyed by memory, or held in the schools in

secret writings; we cannot play fast and loose with His divinity in this way. The people said of Him, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" That he availed himself of many popular proverbs is undoubted; that He couched His teaching in an allegoric form, even as we suppose the vast mass of the Talmudic legends are to be understood, we know, but an acquaintance near or remote with both, only produces a marvel at the contrast of the two teachings, and compels the involuntary exclamation, "look on this picture and on this."

Perhaps it may be thought that these remarks are needless; if we make them it is not from the desire to prevent curious attention to a series of interesting and antique documents, or to depreciate that which has by its piety or poetry, its holiness or genius, any claim to attention, but to mark in strong contrast the difference between the inspired and the uninspired volumes, and especially the difference between the commentaries of the *Talmud* and the teachings of Christ. Professor Hurwitz in his work already referred to, says, "I am far from maintaining that the *Talmud* is a faultless work; I am ready to admit that it contains many things which every enlightened, nay, every pious, Jew must sincerely wish, either never appeared there, or should at least long ago have been expunged from its pages." This is the testimony of a man by faith, and by race, a Jew, and by taste and genius quite disposed to vindicate, as far as possible, the peculiar characteristics of these holy books; some writers indeed attempt to show that the astounding leaps of number which occur in the *Talmud* are to be justified as an attempt on the part of Rabbis to excite the attention by an appeal to the natural love of the marvellous; an instance occurs in the case of the Rabbi Jehudah the holy; while he was delivering a sermon to a large congregation of people, he observed numbers of them rather drowsy and inclined to fall asleep, wishing to rouse them, he exclaimed, "there was a woman in Egypt who brought forth six hundred thousand children at one birth;" the people were soon fairly awake, and stared with amazement, and one of his pupils asked him for an explanation, upon which he replied, he merely alluded to Jochebed, who brought forth a son, Moses, whose personal weight, and influence, and character as the chosen messenger of God was equal to that of six hundred thousand other individuals. Some say that in a similar manner all the absurdities of the *Talmud* are capable of explanation and

solution. The Rabbis, however, are not themselves agreed upon them, for we read of one, who at any rate, concerning a portion of the *Talmud*, says, "he that writes it down will have no portion in the next world, he that explains it will get scorched, and he that listens to it will receive no reward." Dr. Etheridge has admirably summed up the worth of the *Talmud*, when he says, "It is a great encyclopædia of Hebrew wisdom, teeming with error in almost every department of science, in natural history, in chronology, genealogy, logic, and morals; falsehood and mistake are mixed up with truth upon its pages; it is a witness too of the lengths of folly to which the mind of man may drift when he disdains the wisdom of God as revealed in the Gospel, and in these respects it will always have a claim on the attention of the wise. When Talmudism, as a religious system, shall in a generation or two have passed away, the *Talmud* itself will be still resorted to as a treasury of amusing things, and things profitable, a deep cavern of antiquity, where he who carries the necessary torch will not fail to find amid all labyrinths of the rubbish of times gone by, those inestimable lessons that will be true for all times to come, and gems of ethical and poetic thought which retain their brightness for ever." Illustrating this, the author of the paper in the *Quarterly* has collected at random a number of choice proverbs, to which we, also, from various translations, would add a few from the Talmudic doctors, —

"There are three crowns; the crown of the law, the crown of priesthood, and the crown of royalty: but the crown of a good name is superior to all of them."

"Sleep in the morning, wine in the forenoon, childish conversation, and frequenting the assemblies of the worldly-minded drive a man out of the world."

"Laughter and levity accustom men to lewdness; tradition forms a fence to the law; titles form a fence to riches; vows a fence for abstinence; and the fence for wisdom is science."

"Run to the performance of the slightest commandment, and flee from the commission of sin; for the performance of one precept leads to another, and one sin involves the commission of another: as the reward of obeying one precept consists in the performance of another, so the recompense of sin is the evil of committing another."

* See *Jerusalem and Tiberias, Sora and Cordova; an Introduction to the Study of Hebrew Literature*. By J. W. Etheridge, M.A., Ph. D. We know of no book in our language so full and thoroughly informed as this concise and yet most copious index to all Hebrew learning.

"Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything: for there is no man who hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place."

"Attempt not to appease thy neighbour in the hour of his wrath, nor to console him while his dead lieth before him. Question him not at the time of his making a vow, nor be pressing to see him in the hour of his remorse."

"A word is like milk, which, being once drawn from its original source, can never be returned again."

"If thou lackest knowledge, what hast thou then acquired? Hast thou acquired knowledge? — what else dost thou want?"

"Seven things characterise the wise man; and seven the blockhead. The wise man speaks not before those who are his superiors either in age or wisdom. — He interrupts not others in the midst of their discourse. — He replies not hastily. — His questions are relevant to the subject; his answers, to the purpose. — In delivering his sentiments he takes the first in order, first; the last, last. — What he understands not, he says "I understand it not." He acknowledges his errors, and is open to conviction. The reverse of all this characterises the blockhead."

"Death and life are in power of the tongue."

"What care," said Rabbi Zimra, "hast not the All-wise Creator bestowed on the chief organ of speech? — All the other principal members of the human body are situated externally, and that either upright or pending. The tongue alone is placed internally and in a horizontal position, that it might remain quiet and steady. Nay, that it might be kept within its natural bounds, he has encompassed it with two walls; one of ivory, the other of softer substance. Further, to allay its intense ardour, he has surrounded it with an ever-flowing rivulet. Yet, notwithstanding all this Divine care, what mischief does it not do? — how many conflagrations does it not raise! — and what destruction does it not cause!"

"Let the honour of thy associate," says Rabbi Eliezer, "be as dear to thee as thine own. Be not easily provoked to anger: and repent one day before thou diest!"

"This world," says Rabbi Jacob, "may be regarded as an ante-chamber to the next. Prepare thyself in the ante-chamber, that thou mayest be admitted into the saloon."

Rabbi Tarphon was accustomed to say, "The day * is short — the work † abundant — the labourers ‡ inactive — the reward § great — and the Master of the house || urges on."

"He that is ambitious of fame destroys it. He that increases not his knowledge diminishes it. He that endeavours not to obtain some learning, incurs the penalty of death. He that uses the crown of learning as an instrument of gain, will pass away."

* Life. — † The duties. — ‡ Mankind. — § Immortality. — || God.

"He who teaches not his child an art or profession by which he may gain an honest livelihood, teaches him to rob the public."

"Strip a carcass of its skin even in the market-place, rather than have recourse to beg. Say not, I am a priest, I am the son of a great man, how can I condescend to such low employments; for, degrading as these may appear, it is still more so to hold thy hand up for charity."

The *Talmuds* are a rare treasury of poetical mysticism. There is a loose and ludicrous story told of one, the Rabbi Eliezer, it is not a decent story, and we shall not offend our readers by giving it in all its parts. He was a great sinner, and after the immensity of his transgression the thought came to him that he had sinned beyond all repentance, wherefore, he went forth and placed himself between two mountains, and said, "Ye mountains and hills pray for mercy for me," but they said to him, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, for the 'mountains shall depart and the hills be removed.'" Then said he, "Ye heavens and earth pray for mercy for me," but they said, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, 'For the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment.'" Then said he, "Ye sun and moon pray for mercy for me." But they said to him, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, 'The moon shall be confounded and the sun ashamed.'" Then said he, "Ye stars and planets pray for mercy for me." But they said to him, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, 'And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved.'" Hereupon, he said, "I see my case concerns none but myself," and he bent down his head between his knees, and wept and lamented so long, that in the end his soul departed from him. Then was heard a voice from heaven, that said, "Rabbi Eliezer, son of Dordeja, is called to everlasting life." There is a Talmudic and allegorical turn in the story, but it is a lively picture of the horrors of guilt and conviction, and the acceptance and prevailing force of truly penitential sorrow. Lessons of real beauty and usefulness do frequently meet us divested, it must be admitted, in all instances of that especial Gospel light which gives the true consolation to dark and desponding souls. —

"When Rabbi Jochanan was upon his death-bed, his disciples went in to visit him. And as

soon as he saw them, he fell a weeping. Then said his disciples to him, Thou Light of Israel! Thou True Pillar! Thou Strong Hammer! why weepest thou? And he made them this answer; Were I to be carried before a king, who is flesh and blood; who to-day is here, but to-morrow in his grave; and were he angry with me; his anger would not be an eternal anger. And in case he should cause me to be bound, the bonds would not endure for ever. And if he should destroy me, yet could not the death he should put me to, endure for ever. Nay, perhaps, I might pacify him with words, or prevail with him by presents of money. And if this only were my case, even then I should weep. But now am I to be carried before the King of all kings; before the Holy and Blessed God, who is, and liveth for ever. When he kindleth his anger against me, his anger is eternal: When he binds me, his binding is eternal: And when he slays me, I die for ever. Nor can I pacify him with words, or prevail with him by presents of money. Neither is this all: But there are two roads for me, one (leading) to Paradise, the other to Hell; but I know not by which of these ways I shall be conveyed. Have I not cause to weep?"

But our space for this month is exhausted, and yet we feel that we may detain our readers with some other aspects of these curious books next month. We will attempt some concise account of the history of these documents, and their variety of classification, and lay them yet further under contribution for the illustration of their curious stores in other mystical, metaphysical, and poetical departments than those we have thus briefly touched; we have been especially desirous in this paper to mark the difference between these wild literary enchantments and His teachings, of whom those who had, perhaps, heard the very Rabbi Hillel, said, "He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

A SNOW SONG — (*Air, "We Gather Shells."*)
One winter day, with careful foot; I wandered
o'er the slippery way; The snow, in balls be-
neath my boot, Made it a task upright to stay.
And so I waddled in my walk, I jostled every-
one I met; So that some, in familiar talk,
Remarked, "he's very tight, you bet!" [Re-
peat.]

I stooped and stood upon one leg, with cane
to clear my hampered tread; But as I stooped
a boy did "peg" another snow-ball at my head.
And thus I said, as down my neck I felt the
melted snow balls run. We gather balls and lit-
tle rock Where'er they go or whence they come.
[Repeat.] — *Commercial Advertiser.*

THE RAVENS.

THROUGH the dark sky, an angry sea beneath
him
Breaking in lines of foam,
Flaps his black wings the bird of evil omen,
Heavily flying home.

Back from his carrion feast the raven cometh,
His sinister brood to feed;
They stretch their throats, they snatch the
dainty morsel,
Half choking in their greed.

"God feeds the ravens!" "Does God feed
the ravens?
And if he does, what then?
He fed not these, when unto death they hun-
gered —
They died, and they were men!"

"They died! they died! and there was none to
pity,
And none to help or save;
God knows, perhaps unto the hungry ravens
Their flesh for food he gave.

"Some perished 'mid the desolate waste of
waters,
None hearing when they raved;
And some in cities filled to overflowing
With food they vainly craved.

"Why should he feed me and leave them to
perish?
What am I more than these?"
"No hope for them, none for thyself dare cher-
ish,
O spirit ill at ease!"

"God feeds the ravens! Yea, God feeds the
ravens!
What comfort canst thou draw?
The answer fails, even when the need is
sorest —
How shall we fill the flaw?"

"'Twixt God's great plan and our poor com-
prehension,
Unbounded is the scope!
And loving hearts in days of desolation
Are the well-springs of hope.

"Because they live in the divine endeavour
To bless their fellow-men,
Such hearts can keep their faith in God's for-
ever,
And say, 'Not now, but then.'"

ISA C. KNOX.
— *Good Words.*

From Good Words.

"ECCE HOMO."

PART II.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

We have now to inquire, what was the order or economy observed by the Saviour in making known to the world the religion He had come on earth to found.

That religion is, indeed, summed up in His own person. M. Renan has told us a truth we should hardly have expected to hear from him. "He did not preach His opinions: He preached Himself."* In yet fewer words; Christianity is Christ. St. John did not teach rhetorically, when he delivered the two-edged saying: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God."† But true as this is of the faith full formed and born into the world, it is not in just the same manner true of the embryo. We must go back from the language to the alphabet of religion; and must observe in what shape and order the Master conveyed the first elements of divine knowledge to the stammering lips of a blind and bewildered race. And many, perhaps, among those to whom the subject may be new, will be struck with the reserve and limitation that attends the teaching of our Lord, as reported by the Synoptical Evangelists, in regard to the central and fundamental doctrine concerning His own person.

Let us proceed to examine the question briefly under each of the following heads:—

1. The personal history of our Lord as given in the first three Gospels.
2. The discourses of the first three Gospels: and certain summaries given in them of our Lord's teaching.
3. The injunctions often delivered to those who had been the subjects or witnesses of miraculous cure or relief.
4. The method of teaching by parable.
5. The commissions or charges given to the twelve Apostles and the seventy disciples.
6. The distribution of doctrinal teaching in the Gospel of St. John.

Those portions of the narrative in the Synoptical Gospels, which principally bear upon the Divinity of our Lord, refer to matter which formed, it will be found, no

part of His public ministry. Such are the account of His birth and infancy in the first two chapters of St. Matthew, and the first two chapters of St. Luke: the Baptism, as it is recorded in the third chapter of St. Matthew, the first of St. Mark, and the third of St. Luke; the Temptation, in the fourth of St. Matthew, and the fourth of St. Luke: and the Transfiguration, in the seventeenth of St. Matthew, and the ninth of St. Mark and St. Luke respectively. Now of these great occasions, not even one appears to have been known even to the whole of the Apostles at the time of its occurrence. The birth and infancy speak for themselves. The baptism seems to have preceded the calling of even the earliest among them.* The temptation was a part of that mysterious training of the Saviour, in which He trod the wine-press alone, and none could share with Him. Lastly, the transfiguration was reserved for the three leading Apostles, St. Peter, St. James, and St. John; and we are told that "Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead."† This injunction is most of all remarkable when we call to mind that it excluded from knowledge of the event the nine remaining Apostles, besides the Mother and the nearest relatives of Christ. And we happen to know that it was obeyed: for says St. Luke, "They kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen."‡ Until after the transfiguration, that is, until a somewhat advanced period of our Saviour's ministry, He does not appear to have predicted or indicated to them in any manner His own impending death. The full and glowing confession of Him by St. Peter as the Son of the living God, has all the appearance of a great progression newly achieved in that ardent soul; and it was met accordingly by a reward in the famous announcement of Matt. xvi. 17-19. But this remarkable confession was not yet to be given to the world. For the evangelist proceeds to say, "Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ."§

No doubt the entry into Jerusalem on the day of Palms was a very solemn and very suggestive assumption of the character of Messiahship: but it belongs rather to the

* Cf. Mark i. 16. And observe that St. Peter (2 Ep. chap. i. vers. 16-18), establishing his own authority as a witness, refers to the voice at the Transfiguration, and not to the voice at the Baptism.

† Matt. xvii. 9; Mark ix. 9.

‡ Luke ix. 36.

§ Matt. xvi. 20.

* "Vie de Jésus," p. 76.

† 1 John iv. 2, 3.

Passion than the Life: it is the beginning of the end, the opening act of the closing scene.

If we pass on from the great events of our Lord's personal history to His teachings, as recorded in His discourses and sayings by the Synoptic writers, we shall find that they, too, are remarkable for the general absence of direct reference to His Divinity, and, indeed, to the dignity of His Person altogether.

The very first notice of our Saviour's teaching by St. Matthew, gives us to understand that He began His ministry by simply echoing the words of the Forerunner, St. John Baptist: "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."* And when He unfolded the true meaning of that wide and deep word. "Repent," in the Sermon on the Mount, He asserted, indeed, His own authority as a teacher, His title to be heard, whatever the seeming relation of His teaching to the established traditional lore, and to be heard without appeal: but He asserted nothing more. And even this was done by implication only; not dogmatically. While His precepts are sustained by the assumption of authority, and this assumption in its turn is (so to speak) buttressed by His miracles, He makes as yet no separate claim to the reception or recognition of Himself, and He tells no tale about Himself. But for the time, He Himself, as apart from His sayings, is nowhere. In the weighty and even awful comparisons with the house upon the rock, and the house upon the sand, which form the climax of the discourse, the cases which they illustrate are those of the man who receives, and the man who does not receive, His sayings, not His person. It is only in the tenth chapter that we find even an allusion to the reception of Himself — "He that receiveth you receiveth me: and he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me."† And this is in an address to His disciples, not in a discourse to the people. To them He is for the present more like what His ministers are now. He is a messenger, and His only present concern is about His message, His only present duty to carry and deliver it to those for whom it is intended. He has not yet told the multitude that He is the Son of God: He speaks of "your" Father, and "thy" Father, not, as afterwards, or elsewhere, of "my Father."‡ He has not yet told them He is the Son of Man, in that pre-eminent sense

which was to connect Him with the House of David, and to make Him the Heir of the promises, and the representative of the race. Yet in the midst of this remarkable abstinence, He laid in that discourse the foundations of a morality far transcending the rarest and the best among all the rare or good of what had yet been delivered to mankind; and thus He set about constructing, as it were, the strong and stable pedestal, on which thereafter His own glorious image might be securely raised, and exhibited for the worship of the world.

St. Mark* gives an account almost verbally the same with St. Matthew's, of the opening of our Lord's ministry. St. Luke seems to pass by what they have recorded, and commences his narrative with the reading in the synagogue of Nazareth of the prophecy: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."† On which His only comment was, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." This is a clear and undeniable declaration of His claim to be a teacher sent from God, and of certain strongly-marked moral results, which were to be, not the consequence only, but also the proof of His mission. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath appointed me" to convey the blessings before enumerated. Yet here we find, not alone that He keeps silence on the subject of His Deity, but that even for His claim to Divine sanction and inspiration He appeals to results. Nor was this principle less remarkably exemplified in the answer which He gave to the disciples of John, when they asked Him (whether it was in their own name or in his, need not now be inquired), "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Whereupon He replies, not by an arbitrary *ipse dico*, an unsustained assertion of His own Messiahship: all such, as we shall find, He rebuked when He said, "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true."‡ Neither did He reply by an argument resting only or mainly upon the power which marked His acts, but upon a paramount regard to their beneficent and loving character, upon His care for the lowly, and His constant war against the mass of suffering in the world, to hem it

* Matt. iv. 17; comp. iii. 2.

† Matt. x. 40.

‡ With one exception only, near the close (Matt. vii. 21), not found in St. Luke.

* Mark i. 15.

† Luke iv. 18, 19, 21.

‡ John v. 31.

within narrower and yet narrower bounds. "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."* On these premises rests the sequel: "And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."† Truly this was the crown of the Lord's humility, that He was content in this lowly wise to solicit, through the assent of our understanding, the allegiances which He was entitled, as Creator and Master, to command. But in that humility did there not lie the wisdom of the Master Builder, who proceeded precept upon precept, line upon line; who was minded to set, each in their proper place and degree, the stones of the spiritual temple, so that "the whole body" might be "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part?"‡

Thus far what we seem to see is almost a total suppression of the personality of our Lord in His oral teaching, except upon the single point, which was essential to His purpose from the first, that He should not descend into the arena of mere argumentative dispute with adversaries, but should assume authority. This claim is involved in the whole strain even of the Sermon on the Mount, which is couched in the language of command, and of inappellable assumption of His right. It is repeated as often as we find the words, "I say unto you." But it seems, independently even of His words, to have been expressed also in His manner, to have been made legible in the midst of all His meekness. It is not only mentioned by St. Matthew § at the close of the Sermon on the Mount, but it is also recorded by St. Mark in a place where that Evangelist gives not even a hint as to the matter of His teaching. "He entered into the synagogue and taught. And they were astonished at His doctrine: for He taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."|| Beyond telling them this of Himself, we may thus far say, He told them nothing. He set a picture before their eyes: He left them to be the judges, by the composition, the drawing, and the colour, from whose hand it came.

Yet even of His work, as distinguished from His Person, He did not, to all eyes, exhibit the whole. Though the general rule

was a free exhibition by our Lord of His miraculous powers, yet, when in the case of the daughter of the ruler Jairus,* He proceeded to exercise them in a conquest over death, only the three preferred Apostles were allowed to be witnesses, together with the parents of the maiden, to this exercise of His might; the people having been put forth. On these last He laid the charge, "that they should tell no man what was done." There was but one other occasion until close upon the end of His career, when He exercised a like power: namely, the case of the widow of Nain.

We have now seen how in one great miracle in which He set Himself against the last enemy, He had cast a veil over the exercise of His power, and had told it only as a man tells a secret to a few. But this reserve extends much farther. On the Gentile centurion, indeed, whose faith He so greatly commends, and whose servant He healed, He laid no injunction of secrecy. There was no fear that a good soldier of the Roman army would fall into the snare that beset the Hebrew, or would clutch at the idea of a carnal or political Messiahship. Other considerations may have borne upon the case. The preparation of the centurion's mind, it is evident, was greatly advanced; and perhaps we shall be right in thinking that such an one could be trusted, while others could not, to make a judicious and discriminating use of the wonder he had seen. On the evil spirits who "believed and trembled," we are told that He laid an injunction that they should not bear witness to Him. Even the proclamation of the truth was not to proceed from the tainted source of a rebellious will and intelligence. "And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils: and He suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him."† Knowing Him, they knew that He was God as well as Man; and not even from His own lips had this truth yet proceeded in His popular teaching throughout the land. On men, too, He had in many cases laid similar commands. For example: in the first miracle recorded by the first Evangelist we find these words: "See thou tell no man: but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them."‡

Of course it is not meant to be asserted that our Lord's miracles were generally secret. For where would have been that sad

* Matt. xi. 4, 5.

† Matt. xi. 6.

‡ Eph. iv. 16.

§ Matt. vii. 28.

|| Mark i. 21, 22.

* Matt. ix. 25; Luke ix. 51, 58.

† Mark i. 34. In Luke iv. 41, is an equivalent declaration.

‡ Matt. viii. 4.

responsibility of Capernaum and Chorazin and Bethsaida, which gave them a place before Sodom and Gomorrah on the awful roll of the divine judgment? The rule of the miracles was publicity; but the exceptions to the rule are remarkable, and seem to mark out clearly the bounds within which they were meant to operate. Without doubt, as we know from a multitude of passages of Scripture, not less than from the reason of the case, they were meant to produce in all men the conviction so well expressed by Nicodemus. "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.*" The purpose of the exhibition of miraculous powers seems to have been to produce this very conviction; and perhaps it was, in the first instance, to produce nothing more. Rapidity of movement was no part of the providential design. Like the seed to which Christ Himself compares the Gospel, all the early stages of its life were to be silent and to be slow. Gradually to lay a broad basis of such evidence as ought through all time to satisfy the reason and the heart of mankind, seems to have been the object with which our Saviour wrought. The general, if he be a good general, and has his choice, will display his whole army on the battlefield, before any portion of it begins to fight. The hot and fierce assent of a few enthusiasts might doubtless have been had on easy terms; like a fire of straw, come and gone in a moment, and leaving neither light nor warmth behind. Are any startled at the idea that our Lord's first object may have been in the main limited to fixing well in the minds of His hearers the belief in His divine mission only? Will they say in answer, that by His reply to the confession of Nicodemus He emphatically teaches that ruler the insufficiency of the belief to which that ruler had attained? For the answer of Christ is not a commendation or an acquiescence, but a solemn monition. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."† As much as to say: "It is not enough that you have examined my credentials, and that, approving them, you own Me as a teacher carrying a commission from on high. You must accept deeper results of my mission than any you have yet thought of, and must give your mind and spirit to be translated into the region of a new and better life." Such is, I suppose, an approximation to the sense of our Lord's reply. The confession, then, of Nicodemus was in-

sufficient. But so is the first step of a flight without those that are to carry us onward to the level above; yet the laying well and solidly the first steps without any visible regard to those that are to follow, may be the way and the only way to construct a practicable and durable ascent.

There is, however, a peculiar delicacy, if this phrase may be allowed, in this method of procedure adopted by the Great Teacher. Along with that element of superhuman power which was to establish a superhuman origin for His mission, there was combined a certain character of love, of pity, of unwearying help, of tender and watchful care, which is to be read in the deeds of our Lord from first to last; the only two exceptions, which may have had excellent reasons of their own, being those of the fig-tree and the swine; exceptions not touching the race of man. Now the gross and carnal temper in man is far more easily caught by power, than by love. To a certain extent, then, the display of power, intended to show that Christ had come from God to carry us back along with Himself to God, tended to counteract that very object, if it should relatively lower in our minds the force of the attraction of love; if, of the two great functions of Deity exhibited in the miracles, the one which was more splendid and imposing should eclipse the one more modest but more precious and more authentic. Hence, perhaps, it is, that we find a certain veiling of the power that was in Christ, by these reserves and injunctions of secrecy. In the rude repetition of the miracles from mouth to mouth, they would have fared as the picture of some great artist fares when it is copied at second, third, and fourth hand: the finer and deeper graces disappear; the clothing of the idea disappears, and only a coarse outline survives. And so it really seems as if our Saviour had desired to place considerable checks on the circulation of mere report concerning the miracles; and in lieu of its confused and bewildering echoes, to trust rather to each man's seeing for himself, and then calmly reflecting on so much as he had seen.

What we have thus far observed in the discourses and the miracles, we shall further see in what remains to survey of our Saviour's pastoral career. Let us try next the Parables. It is not necessary here to dwell on the characteristics of this method of teaching; to show how they win a way into the willing soul; how, waiving immediate and striking effects, they provide the means of illumination for the meditative mind as the

* John iii. 2.

† John iii. 3.

sense of the allegory gradually opens on it; how they supply the indolent with an excuse for his indolence, and, as if it were judicially, exasperate the contempt and aversion of the proud. But there is another characteristic of the Parables, which appears to be strictly germane to the purpose of these remarks. In all of the greater ones, which present their subject in detail, He himself, when they are interpreted, fills a much higher place than that simply of a teacher divinely accredited. They all shadow forth a dispensation, which, in all its parts, stands related to, and dependent on, a central figure, and that central figure is, in every case but two, our Saviour himself. He is the Sower of the seed, the Owner of the vineyard, the Householder in whose field of wheat the enemy intermixed the tares, the Lord of the unforgiving servant, the Nobleman who went into a far country and gave out the talents and said, "Occupy till I come;" lastly, the Bridegroom among the virgins, wise and foolish. In every one of these, our Saviour appears in the attitude of kingship. He rules, directs, and furnishes all; He punishes and rewards. Every one of these, when the sense is fully apprehended, repeats, as it were, or anticipates the procession of the day of Palms, and asserts His title to dominion. They must be considered, surely, as very nearly akin, if they are not more than nearly akin, to declarations of His Deity. Two others there are which have not yet been mentioned. One is the parable of the householder, who planted a vineyard and went into a far country, and sent his servants to receive his share of the produce. In this parable our Lord is not the master, but the master's heir, the person whose the vineyard is to be, and who, being sent to perform the office in which the other messengers had failed, is put to death by the cruel and contumacious tenants.* But this parable, if it sets forth something less than His kingship, also sets forth much more, and embodies the great mystery of His death by wicked hands. There is also the parable of a certain king, which made a marriage for his son: † a relation which involves far more than had commonly been expressed in the direct teaching. Upon the whole, then, the proposition will stand good that these parables differ from, and are in advance of the general instruction respecting the person of the Redeemer in the three Synoptic Gospels, and place Him in a rank wholly above that of a mere teacher, however true and holy. They set forth that difference

* Matt. xxi.

† Matt. xxii. 1.

from previous prophets and agents of the Almighty, which has been noticed by the Apostle to the Hebrews, where he says that "Moses verily was faithful in all his house as a servant; but Christ as a son, over his own house."* Now, we have to sum up this branch of the inquiry with observing that, in that very article of instruction where the proper dignity and weight of the Redeemer in one of His high offices, namely, as a King, begin to be significantly conveyed, there is a veil interposed, as if to cast the scene into shadow. The truth is there; but it ceases to thrust itself upon the mind, and stands rather as the reward to be obtained in after-thought by a docile attention.

Upon the field, then, which we are now examining, our Lord does not so much teach Himself, as prepare the way for the teaching of Himself, and act once more, though from a different point, and in a new relation, the part of His own forerunner. There is yet another portion of that field, upon which we have to cast a glance. During the brief course of His own ministry, our Saviour gave a commission to His twelve Apostles, and likewise one to the seventy disciples. Each went forth with a separate set of full and clear instructions. The commission to the Twelve will be found most fully given in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew: that to the Seventy in the tenth of St. Luke. In conformity with what we have already seen, both are silent in respect to the Person of our Lord. They seem to aim at reproducing in miniature His own ministry. To the Apostles He says, "Preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." † To the disciples he says, "Heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." ‡ The announcement of a society, not founded, but about to be founded upon earth, the obligation of the hearer to believe in what is announced, § the exhibition of works of relief and love, that love taking effect through a preternatural exercise of power, — here is the Gospel as it was ordered to be preached by the followers of our Lord during His lifetime, and before He had begun to open even to the Twelve the awful picture of His coming death.¶ Notable indeed is the difference, it might almost be said the contrast, between these commissions, and those which were given after the

* Heb. iii. 5, 6.

† Matt. x. 33; Luke x. 10-16.

‡ Matt. x. 7, 8.

§ Matt. xvi. 21.

¶ Luke x. 9.

Resurrection, as they are related in St. Matthew, xxviii. 18-20; St. Mark, xvi. 15-18; St. Luke, xxiv. 45-49; St. John, xx. 21-23, and xxi. 15-17. In these latter commissions, the Person of Christ has emerged in all its grandeur, from the shadow to the foreground: it is His power that is given over to them, into Him they are to baptize, in His name they are to preach repentance and remission of sins.

To sum up, then; there was a twilight before the dawn, and a dawn before the morning, and a morning before the day. The contrast between the two classes of commissions, that we have just seen, receives its most vivid illustration on the day of Pentecost, which may perhaps not unfitly be termed the birthday of the Church. This contrast is really a proof, not of dissonances in the Divine counsels, but of an harmonious and adapted progression in their development, and thus of their essential and steady oneness of design. During our Lord's life, the bulwarks of the kingdom of evil were being smitten again and again by constant exhibitions of His command over the seen and unseen worlds, and its foundations were being sapped by the winning force of His benevolence and love. Even before this work approached its ripeness, He cried, in prophetic anticipation of His triumph, "I beheld Satan like lightning fall from heaven."* When He had died, and risen, and ascended, then the undermining process was complete; and the rushing noise of Pentecost† was like the trumpet-blast about the walls of Jericho, when "the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him; and they took the city."‡

It is time, however, to turn to a brief consideration of the question, how far this representation is set aside or modified by the contents of the Gospel of St. John. And here I venture on this general proposition: that, transcendent as is the elevation, and inestimable as is the value of the contents, of that Gospel, it is the works of the three synoptical writers, and not the Gospel of St. John, which exhibit to us, so far as a judgment can be formed, the ordinary and average tenour of our Saviour's life, and the true picture of its daily exhibition to the world. Let this assertion be substantially if rudely tested by a brief glance at the structure of that Gospel. Of the general character, however, of our Lord's teaching contained in it, so much as this

may, perhaps, be said by way of preface. It appears as if our Lord commonly was employed in those kinds of word and deed which, repeated in substance over and over again in a large number of places, and before great multitudes of witnesses, were to constitute the main ground of His appeal to the conscience of the world, and the first basis of the general belief in Him; the basis, upon which all the rest was in due time to be built up. But while He thus wrought from day to day and from place to place, He was also at times employed in sowing a seed which was to lie longer in the ground before the time of germination. Sometimes He set Himself to sow it in capable minds and willing hearts, like those of the Apostles, or like that of Nicodemus; sometimes to let it fall apart from the common beat of the chosen people, and where it could not be choked by their peculiar prejudices, as with the woman of Samaria; but also in Jerusalem itself, at least by one series of discourses. He was pleased to state sufficiently, in the hearing both of the people and of their guides, the dignity and claims of his Person; so that this authentic declaration from His own lips, of the truths which were after the Resurrection to be developed in apostolic teaching, might accredit that teaching to minds that would otherwise have stumbled at the contrast, or would have been unable to fill the void between such doctrine and the common tenour of our Lord's words and acts as they are given in the Synoptical Gospels. In this view, such parts of St. John's Gospel, as I now refer to, may be regarded as the golden link between the Sermon on the Mount, and the theology of the Apostolic Epistles.

Though the strain of St. John's Gospel, and of the teaching of Christ in it, is very even, the occasions and audiences are very different. The last ten chapters, or nearly one half of the whole, consist entirely of the narrative of the Passion and its sequel, together with discourses and acts wholly of the inner circle, addressed, that is to say, not to the world, or the adversaries of Christ, but to those, whom He had elected to be His friends and followers. In the first two chapters nothing in the way of narrative is contained to distinguish His lessons here from those of the earlier Gospels. The third is composed of discourses to selected persons; namely, to Nicodemus, and to certain disciples of the Baptist. When, in the fourth, our Lord spoke to the woman of Samaria, and afterwards to the people of the city, the effect produced was remarkably powerful and distinct. It was not only (as

* Luke x. 18. † Acts ii. 2. ‡ Joshua vi. 20.

in the Synoptic Gospels) that they were astonished, or that His fame went abroad, or that "they glorified God which had given such power unto men,"* or even that in general terms they believed on Him; they said, as St. Peter had said, "We know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."†

But the subject matter of this our Lord's only visit to the outcasts of Samaria, with whom the Jews would not hold intercourse, could have no effect on the general impressions concerning Him in the places of His ordinary travel and resort through Judea or Galilee.

The exceptional teaching, as I would venture to call it, of our Lord among the Jewish people, which would materially tend to modify (by deepening and enlarging them) such impressions as men would naturally take from the acts and discourses of the Synoptic Gospels, is really contained in the six chapters from the fifth to the tenth. When we examine these six chapters, we seem to find in them a kind of progression, with a view to some special purpose. In the fifth, after the miracle He had performed on the cripple of Bethesda, He conveyed Himself away, "a multitude being in that place."‡ But He declared to the Jews, no great number of them we must suppose, in the temple, His Sonship, His being invested with the authority of judge over the world, and His claim to the promises and predictions of the Old Testament. In the sixth, He delivered the wonderful discourse of the "bread of God" at Capernaum, to such of the people forming the five thousand of the day before as remained, and as were able to follow him by ship across the lake.§ But a ray of light is let fall upon the general circumspection and graduation of our Lord's teaching, when we learn that a great reaction followed this discourse, not only among the multitude, but among the disciples of our Lord. "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."|| Here is one sad and sufficient reason for the careful graduation of His course of teaching. He then, after a visit to Galilee, goes up to Jerusalem for the feast of tabernacles,¶ and resumes His discourses or conversations in the temple, to much the same general effect as in the fifth chapter. He proclaims Himself the light of the world, He dwells on His special relation to the Father, and He points to the lifting up of the Son of Man. After

which, says St. John,* many believed on Him; but after a little more discourse, when He had told them "before Abraham was, I am," they took up stones to cast at Him.† Then come the ninth and tenth chapters, in which, having given sight to a man blind from his birth, He finds Himself again in conflict with the spirit of unbelief among the Jews. He now delivers the discourse of the tenth chapter, in which He is the good shepherd, and mankind are his Sheep; and He gives them eternal life; and this is by His Father's ordinance; and finally reaching the climax of the doctrine, He and His Father are one.‡ But mark the end. "Then the Jews took up stones again to stone Him." "Therefore they sought again to take Him; but He escaped out of their hand, and went away again beyond Jordan."§

All this portion of our Lord's teaching, then, is profoundly charged with doctrine concerning His Person. It is full and large in instruction for all times and all persons. But it seems to have been delivered to no great number; perhaps, too, within a limited space of time. It stands in marked distinctness from the general tenour of His teaching; and it stands also in contrast with that teaching as to the mode of its reception. It shows that, for the reception of such instruction, the field was not white to the harvest. The scandal and offence were doubtless incurred for the wisest purposes, but they seem to have been the general result; while in the case of the lessons conveyed in the other Gospels, we find no such consequence; but see there a disposition to hear and to give praise to God, which was a preparation, at least, for full, intelligent, and durable belief. Nor does it seem rash or unreasonable to suppose that while, with a view to completing the solid chain of testimony, it behoved our Lord, during His career, thus to bear an explicit testimony to His own personal dignity and claims, and this before persons who were not already His partizans; it also behoved that, because of the weakness of the flesh, and the dulness of the eye, and the slackness of the will of man, the performance of that duty should be confined within narrow limits, and that all beyond these limits should be reserved for a happier season.

I have not yet noticed the most touching among all the touching and loving acts of Christ. It is the raising of Lazarus, recorded in the eleventh chapter of St. John. In this narrative we may remark a method

* Matt. ix. 8.
† John v. 18.
‡ John vi. 68.

† John iv. 42.
‡ John vi. 15, 22-24.
¶ John vii. 10.

* John viii. 30.
† John x. 14, 16, 28-30.
‡ John viii. 56.
§ John x. 31, 39, 40.

of proceeding quite different from that which had been pursued on the occasion of raising the daughter of Jairus.* Many of the Jews were about Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother: they attend the Saviour at the grave: far from repelling them, He appeals to His Father in their presence,† and renders thanks in order to be heard by them: the miracle is performed before their eyes, and many believed,‡ while some went to warn the Pharisees. But the time of the great offering was now hard at hand; and it is probable, if not plain, that at such a time the reasons for limiting disclosure of the all-conquering power of Christ would cease to operate.

It appears, then, on the whole, as respects the Person of our Lord, that its ordinary exhibition to ordinary hearers and spectators, was that of a Man engaged in the best, and holiest, and tenderest ministries, among all the saddest of human miseries and trials; of One teaching in word, too, the best, and holiest, and tenderest lessons; and claiming, unequivocally and without appeal, a Divine authority for what He said and did; but beyond this asserting respecting Himself nothing, and leaving Himself to be freely judged by the character of His words and deeds.

It may be for the same reasons, or for reasons of which these form a part, that we find that very remarkable adjustment in the Gospels, and in the Gospel of St. John as well as in the synoptical writers, under which the kingdom of our Lord, while it is abundantly predicted, is nowhere explained; and the doctrine concerning it is kept even in a deeper shade than the doctrine respecting the Person of Christ. John the Baptist had prophesied of the Christian Baptism as one differing from and much excelling his own: but our Lord did not renew the prophecy, and the baptism administered during His lifetime by His disciples appears to have been of the same character as that of the Forerunner. It seems that the minds of the Apostles themselves stood in need on this subject of peculiar preparation. For not even in discourse with them does our Lord explain the nature of His kingdom. Nay, the remarkable promise to St. Peter, which followed upon and sealed his confession of the Messiahship, was imparted in figure, and was calculated rather to be retained and pondered in the heart, than to convey immediate light to the mind: nor was it incompatible, as we see, with an energetic protest from the Apostle, following

immediately, against the coming humiliation of his Master, or with the rebuke, bordering upon sternness, in which that Master apprised him that he then still savoured of, not the things which be of God, but the things which be of men. So late as in the great discourse of the Last Supper, Christ tells his disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now;" and it is only in the very last stage of His adorable career, and when He has now put His scholars through the severest trial of their faith by His Death and Resurrection, that during those forty days before the Ascension, which once were called the great forty days, He dwelt among them, and "spoke of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."*

I would presume, in this place, to make an addition to what has been already said of the large use of parable by our Lord as a vehicle of instruction. Another leading feature in almost all the parables is the social and collective aspect of Christianity, incorporated in what the Gospels ordinarily call the Kingdom of Heaven. The parables are so contrived that, without explaining in detail the constitution of that kingdom, they familiarly impress the mind with its idea, with some scheme or system into which men were to be brought, so that they should habitually live in it, and that they should ultimately be judged by the laws appointed for its government. The kingdom as well as the kingship, the appointment of a new dispensation of brotherhood among men, as well as the supremacy of our Lord in that brotherhood, were thus, as it were, things sown and stored in the mind of the Apostles to abide their time; like the spark laid up in ashes to await the moment when it would be kindled into flame.

If the reader has patiently followed the argument to this point, it is now time to release him by proceeding to apply it to the case of "Ecce Homo." Supposing, then, that the Author of that work has approached his subject on the human side, has dealt with our Lord as with a Man, has exhibited to us what purport to be a human form and lineaments, is he therefore at once to be condemned? Certainly not at once, if it be true, as it seems to be true, that in this respect he has only done what our Lord Himself, by His ordinary and usual exhibition of Himself, both did, and encouraged the common hearer of His addresses, and beholder of His deeds, to do. The question whether this writer is to be discarded as an

* John xi. 19, 31.

† John xi. 41, 42.

‡ John xi. 45, 46.

* Acts i. 8.

auxiliary in religious inquiry, or whether, on the contrary, we are his debtors for an eloquent, earnest, searching, and stirring "Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ," cannot, then, be decided until we have considered whether his method, being one admissible in principle, is also one suited to the needs of the times in which we live.

Before concluding with a few words addressed to the solution of that question, two observations require to be made. The first is that the defence and apology (in the polemical sense of the word), which have here been offered, are of a general nature, and do not extend to the manner in which the task has been executed, but only to the principle on which the execution has been based. The language and the general tone must be judged on their own merits. On some points of expression I might not care to depend; on others I might even presume to differ. But to those who have dealt in broader censures I would at least suggest their inquiring of themselves, whether all their zeal in the matter has been according to knowledge; and whether in some cases where we are inclined to jar with the author, the cause possibly may be that he has taken a wider and more adequate measure of the conditions of our Saviour's humanity than we have. I will give a single, and at first sight it may be a rather startling, instance. In his second chapter,* on the Temptation, the author says:—

"We are to conceive Him, therefore, as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers."

Such words may, at the first sight or hearing, send a chill through the blood of some. It is so far *now* to travel back from the glory of His triumph and His reward, His everlasting Priesthood and government in heaven, to the dark and depressed career, and to the earliest and most depressed stages of the depressed career on earth. But if He did not despise the Virgin's womb, if He lay in the cradle a wailing or a feeble infant, if He exhausted the years of childhood and of youth in submission to His Mother and to Joseph, if all that time He grew in wisdom as well as in stature, and was ever travelling the long stages of the road to a perfection by us inconceivable; if, even when the burden of His great ministry was upon Him, He has Himself told us that as His divine power was placed in abeyance, so likewise a bound was mysteriously set upon His knowledge—what follows from all this? That there was accession to His

mind and soul, from time to time, of what had not been there before: and that He was content to hold in measure, and to hold as a thing received, what, but for His humiliation in the flesh, was His without limit, and His as springing from within. And, if so, might it not well be, that in this crisis of the Temptation, when His normal use of miraculous power had not yet begun, the wicked suggestion to abuse it might give rise to a vivid consciousness in His mind, such as had not been there before? So considered, perhaps, this declaration is really within the limits marked out by the Sacred Text itself, when it tells us that Christ was straitened in spirit at the view of the baptism that He was to be baptised with, until it were accomplished; and that His soul grew heavy and sorrowful, even unto death, as the dread image of the Passion came upon His nether view. And thus the revulsion in our minds, upon the first perusal of such words, will have been a proof, not of their irreverent use, but of our too narrow acquaintance with the great truth of our Lord's humanity, and will itself have been a discipline for which we have to thank our author.

Is, then, his method—this alone remains to ask—suited or unsuited to the needs of our particular day and generation? To me it appears to be eminently suited to those needs; and, with much deference to the judgment and authority of others, I will endeavour to explain the reason.

The mighty change which Christ achieved in the whole frame and attitude of the human mind with respect to Divine things, was transmitted from age to age, not by effort and agony like His, or like the subordinate but kindred agency of those who were chosen by Him to co-operate in the great revolution. Sometimes it was, indeed, both sustained and developed by the great powers and by the faith and zeal of individuals; but in the main it passed on from age to age by traditional, insensible, and unconscious influences. As the ages grew, and as the historic no less than the social weight of Christianity rapidly accumulated, men, by no unnatural process, came to rely more and more on the evidence afforded by the prevalence of Christianity in the world, which was in truth a very great one; less and less upon the results of original investigation reaching upwards to the fountain-head. The adhesion of the civil power, the weight of a clergy, the solidity and mass of Christian institutions, the general accommodation of law to principles derived from the Scripture, that very flavour of at least an historic Christianity which, after a long undisputed

* "Ecce Homo," p. 12.

possession, pervades and scents the whole atmosphere of social life, — all these in ordinary times seem to the mass of men to be as proofs so sufficient, that to seek for others would be waste of time and labour. If there be unreason in this blind reliance, there is probably not less, but much more unreason shown, when the period of reaction comes, and when a credulity carried to excess is replaced in the fashion of the day by an incredulity that wanders and runs wild in the furthest outbreaks of extravagance: an incredulity, not only which argues from the narrowest premises to the broadest conclusions, but which, oftentimes dispensing with argument altogether, assumes that whatever in religion has heretofore been believed to be true is therefore likely to be false, and exhibits a ludicrous contrast between the over-weening confidence of men in their own faculties, and their contempt for the faculties of those out of whose loins, with no intervening change of species, they were born. I do not suggest that a description so broad could be justly applied to the present age. But it is in this direction that we have been lately tending; and we have at least travelled so far upon the road as this, that the evidences purely traditional have lost their command (among others) over those large classes of minds which, in other times, before a shock was given, or the tide of mere fashion turned, would perhaps most steadily and even blindly have received them. Their minds are like what I believe is said of a cargo of corn on board ship. It is stowed in bulk, and in fair weather the vessel trims well enough; but when there is a gale the mass of grain strains over to the leeward, and increases the difficulty and the danger, and does it this way or that mechanically, according to the point of the compass from which the wind may blow.

In such a time, there is a disposition either to deny outright the authority which Christianity may justly claim from its long historic existence, and from its having borne triumphantly the strain of so many tempests, or else, and perhaps with more danger, silently to slight them and pass them by, and to live a life deprived alike of the restraints and the consolations of a strong and solid belief. Under these circumstances, is it not the duty of the scribe rightly instructed in the things concerning the kingdom of God, when the old weapons cease for the moment to penetrate, that he should resort to other weapons which at the time are new, though in reality they are the oldest of all, and had only been laid aside because they were supposed to have done their work?

Such I understand to be the position assumed by the Author of "Ecce Homo." He thrusts aside with a hand certainly not too reverent, — perhaps even somewhat brisk and rough — all intermediate testimony of whatever kind. He invites his reader to consider for the moment all Christian tradition, all Christian institutions, all the long and diversified experience of the Faith in the world, as non-existent: to ascend with him the stream of time for more than eighteen hundred years; and to go direct into the presence of Christ, not such as He now presents Himself to us bearing in His hand the long roll of His conquests, but such as beside the sea of Galilee, or in the synagogue of Capernaum, or the Temple of Jerusalem, He then offered Himself to the ordinary Jew, with no other arms but those of His commission and His character, and the character of His acts and words. This is the journey that the attentive reader of "Ecce Homo" has to make under the author's guidance. He passes into the presence of Jesus of Nazareth, and there, without any foregone conclusion, either of submission or of dissent, gives that heed to the words and acts of the unfriended Teacher, which the honest Jew would give when those words were spoken, and those acts were done. And what is the result? I appeal for the answer to the book. I appeal to a vitality, an earnestness, an eloquence, a power, all of them derived from the deep and overflowing life of the wondrous Figure which it contemplates and sets forth. Yes, even as to this hour

"The world's unwithering countenance
Is fresh as on creation's day,"

so the unwithering countenance of Christ beams upon us in the pages of this latest exposition of His character with the virgin freshness and the penetrating power that it might have presented to the view, when instead of being among the oldest, it was the latest birth of time. True of the Gospel, as it here appears to us, is that which was nobly said of one of its harbingers, at the time when, as measured by years, old age was upon him, "Its eye is not dim, nor its natural force abated." *

Doubtless, when we ask about results from such a work, we come to a question which must be settled in the last resort by the individual mind for itself. By argument we may, I have thought, show, that to approach our Lord, and to paint the sacred portrait, on the human side, is no unlawful process;

* Deut. xxxiv. 7.

and likewise, that when the secondary and intermediate authorities are disregarded, it may be wise thus to seek at once for access to the presence of the Great King, and to sit among the listeners at His feet. But the question of questions remains: when we arrive in that presence, how does it make good its claims to supreme majesty and supreme command? To me it appears that each page of the book breathes out as it proceeds what we may call an air, which grows musical by degrees, and which becoming more distinct even as it swells, takes form, as in due time we find, in the articulate conclusion, "Surely this is the Son of God: surely this is the King of heaven." "And they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted is, God with us."*

So, then, through the fair gloss of His manhood, we perceive the rich bloom of His Divinity; and from the author we accept his moving precept: "Cling to Christ, cling ever closer unto Christ." And surely this we may say: if He is not now without an assailant, at least He is without a rival. If He be not the Sun of righteousness, the Physician of souls, the Friend that gives His life for His friends, and that sticketh closer than a brother, the unfailing Consoler, the constant Guide, the everlasting Priest and King, at least, as all must confess, there is no other come into His room. And we may reasonably hope to find that the present tendency to treat the old belief of man with a precipitate, shallow, and unexamining disparagement, is simply a distemper that infects for a time the moral atmosphere; that is due, like plagues and fevers, to our previous folly and neglect; and that when it has served its work of admonition and reform, will be allowed to pass away. Towards this result the author of "Ecce Homo," if I read him right, will have the consolation and the praise of having furnished an earnest, powerful, and original contribution.

ALL THE WORLD A CRAB.

THERE is an operation
On 'Change called Backwardation.
To human civilization
That word doth well apply;
Alas! we sadly sigh
In better days, gone by,
The world was onwards speeding;
'Tis now as fast receding.

* Matt. 1. 23.

The news is heavy reading,
And doleful as 'tis dry.
Whilst rumours fly alarming,
The nations go on arming,
The means each other of harming
Is now their chiefest care.
For bloodshed all prepare,
And warn us to beware;
Though there's small cause to mention,
In Europe, for dissension,
No big bone of contention:
They'd soon fight if there were.
America, confounded,
Into a smash self-pounded,
We look upon astounded;
And here we are at home,
With parsons aping Rome,
Each Ritualist coxcomb;
Strikes, in, and out, of season,
Mob meetings without reason,
And frantic Fenian treason,
From o'er Atlantic foam.
Then business from depression
Is making small progression;
In general retrocession
Our part we have to bear,
But still, as yet, our share,
When cases we compare,
Of troubles and of labours
Is smaller than our neighbours'
On bayonets and sabres
No cost, no lives, who spare.

— Punch.

ON A SEASONABLE LETTER.

BY A VICTIM.

HERE it is here — the birth of the year,
And with it my tailor's letter.
If he'd spared his penny, nor sent me any,
For himself he had done much better.

Oh, foolish man, skin a flint who can,
Who shall bleed a stone, I pray you!
With the cash I sank in the Agra Bank
I might very freely pay you.

The fall of stock was an awkward shock,
Most blue looked my bland attorney;
For a precious lot went to hopeless pot
When OVEREND failed (with GURNEY.)

To Egyptian Trade then I turned for aid,
And in WASHOE'S Mine I rested;
But they came to grief, or some swindling thief
Ran off with the sums invested.

"You want your due." I've no doubt you do,
And I wish I may live to see it;
But I'm up a tree you may plainly see.
If it must be so — so be it!

That life is brief is some slight relief,
As your bill my last pipe kindles;
And my Snip, my Snip, we'll at least agree,
We hate their shams and their swindles.

— Punch.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MY NEIGHBOUR NELLY.

CHAPTER I.

THEY were both my neighbours, of course; but I do not understand what kind of hearts people have who can apportion their love equally, according to the claims of justice. I saw as much of one sister as the other. And Martha was an excellent girl, quite honest and friendly and good; but as for Ellen, there never could be any question about her. One did not even think of discriminating which were her special good qualities. She was Ellen, that was enough; or Nelly, which I prefer, for my part. We all lived at Dinglefield Green in the old days. It is a model of a village, in one sense of the word; not the kind of place, it is true, to which the name is generally applied, but a village orné, as there are cottages ornés. The real little hamlet, where the poor people lived, was at a little distance, and gave us plenty of occupation and trouble. But for Dinglefield Green proper, it was such a village as exists chiefly in novels. The Green was the central point, a great triangular breadth of soft grass, more like a small common than a village green, with the prettiest houses round — houses enclosed in their own grounds, — houses at the very least embosomed in pretty gardens, peeping out from among the trees. None of us were *very* rich; nor was there any thing that could be called a "place" in the circle of dwellings. But I believe there was as much good blood and good connection among us as are usually to be found in a much larger community. The great house opposite, which was separated from the Green by a ha-ha, and opened to us only a pretty sweep of lawn, looking almost like a park, belonged to Sir Thomas Denzil, whose pedigree, as everybody knows, is longer than the Queen's. Next to him was Mrs. Stokes' pretty cottage — one of the Stokes who have given their name to places all over the country: the son is now General Stokes, a C. B., and I don't know what besides: and her daughter married Lord Leamington. Next to that — but it is needless to give a directory of the place, — probably our neighbors, generally, may appear in their proper persons before my story is done.

The sisters lived next to me: my house lay, as their father said, athwart his bows. The Admiral was too much a gentleman to talk ship, or shop, as the gentleman call it, in ordinary conversation; but he did say

that my cottage lay athwart his bows; and the girls admitted that it would have been unpleasant had it been anybody but me: I was then a rather young widow, and having no children, did not want much of a house. My cottage was very pretty. I think myself that there was not so pretty a room in all the Green as my drawing-room; but it was small. My house stood with its gable-end to the Green, and fronted the hedge which was the boundary of Admiral Fortis's grounds. His big gate and my small one were close together. If the hedge had been cut down, I should have commanded a full view of the lawn before his house, and the door; and nobody could have gone out or come in without my inspection. They were so friendly, that it was once proposed to cut it down, and give me and my flowers more air; but we both reflected that we were mortal; circumstances might change with both of us: I might die, and some one else come to the cottage whose inspection might not be desirable; or the Admiral might die, and his girls be married, and strangers come. In short, the end of it was that the hedge remained; but instead of being a thick holly wall, like the rest of my enclosure, it was a picturesque hedge of hawthorn, which was very sweet in spring and a perfect mass of convolvulus in autumn; and it had gaps in it and openings. Nelly herself made a round cutting just opposite my window, and twined the honeysuckle into a frame for it. I could see them through it as I sat at work. I could see them at their croquet, and mounting their horses at the door, and going out for their walks, and doing their capricious gardening. It was Nelly only who ever attempted to work in the garden; the other was afraid of her hands and her complexion, and a hundred things. Nelly was not afraid of any thing — not even of Mr. Nicholson, the gardener, who filled me with awe and trembling. Perhaps you may say that there was not much fear of her complexion. She was brown, to begin with; but the prettiest brown, — clear, with crimson flushes that went and came, and changed her aspect every moment. Her eyes were the softest dark eyes I ever saw; they did not penetrate or flash or sparkle, but glowed on you with a warm lambent light. In winter, with her red cloak on, she was the prettiest little figure; and the cold suited her, and made her glow and bound about like a creature of air. As for Martha, she was a great deal larger and whiter than her sister. I suppose, on the whole, she was the prettier of the two, though she did not suit me.

They were their father's only children, and he was very fond of them. Their mother had been dead so long that they had no recollection of her; and the girls were not without those defects which girls brought up by a man are so apt to have. They were rather disposed to think that any thing could be had for a little coaxing. Perhaps they had more confidence in their own blandishments than is common with girls, and were more ready to use them, knowing how powerless papa was against their arts. They were badly educated, for the same reason. The Admiral was too fond of them to part with them; and he was one of the men who fear reports and rumours, and would not have a lady, not even a middle-aged governess, in his house. He had expensive masters for his girls, and the girls did what they pleased with those excellent gentlemen, and grew up with the very smallest amount of education compatible with civilization. I rather liked it, I confess, in Nelly, who was very bright, and asked about every thing, and jumped at an instant understanding of most things she heard of. But it did not answer in Martha's case, who was not bright, and was the sort of girl who wanted to be taught music, for instance, properly, and to practise six hours a day. Without being taught, and without practising, the good girl (for Nelly, as she explained, had no taste for music,) thought it her duty to play to amuse her friends; and the result was a trial to the temper of Dinglefield Green. We had some very good musicians among us, and Martha heard them continually, but never was enlightened as to the nature of her own performance; whereas Nelly knew, and grew crimson every time her sister approached the piano. But Nelly was my favourite, as everybody said; and perhaps, as a natural consequence, I did her sister less than justice.

We led a very pleasant, neighbourly life in those days. Some of us were richer, and some poorer; but we all visited each other. The bigger houses asked the smaller ones to dinner, and did not disdain to pay a return visit to tea. In the summer afternoons, if you crossed the Green (and could hear any thing for the noise the cricketers made), you would be sure to hear, in one quarter or another, the click of the croquet balls, and find all the young people of the place assembled over their game, not without groups of the elder ones sitting round on the edge of the well-mown lawns. When I settled there first, I was neither young nor old, and there was a difficulty which party to class me with; but by degrees I found my place

among the mothers, or aunts, or general guardians of the society; and by degrees my young neighbours came to be appropriated to me as my particular charge. We walked home together, and we went to parties together; and, of course, a little gossip got up about the Admiral — gossip which was entirely without foundation, for I detest second marriages, and, indeed, have had quite enough of it for my part. But Nelly took a clinging to me — I don't say a fancy, which would be too light a word. She had never known a woman intimately before — never one older than herself, to whom she was half a child and half a companion. And she liked it, and so did I.

There was one absurd peculiarity about the two girls, which I shall always think was the foundation of all the mischief. They never called each other, nor were called by their names. They were "the Sisters" to everybody. I suppose it was a fancy of their father's — he called them "the Sisters" always. They called each other Sister when they spoke to or of each other. It annoyed me at first, and I made an attempt to change the custom. But Martha disliked her name. She had been called after her grandmother, and she thought it was a shame. "Martha and Ellen!" she said, indignantly. "What could papa be thinking of? It sounds like two old women in the almshouse. And other girls have such pretty names. If you call me Martha, Mrs. Mulgrave, I will never speak to you again." When one thought of it, it was a hard case. I felt for her, for my own name is Sarah, and I remember the trouble it was to me when I was a girl; and the general use and wont of course overcame me at last. They were called "the Sisters" everywhere on the Green. I believe some of us did not even know their proper names. I said mischief might come of it, and they laughed at me; but there came a time when Nelly, at least, laughed at me no more.

It was in the early summer that young Llewellyn came to stay with the Denzils at their great house opposite. He was a distant cousin of theirs, which was a warrant that his family was all that could be desired. And he had a nice little property in Wales, which had come to him unexpectedly on the death of an elder brother. And, to crown all, he was a sailor, having gone into the navy when he was a second son. Of course, being a naval man, it was but natural that he should be brought to the Admiral first of all. And he very soon got to be very intimate in the house; and, indeed,

for that matter, in every house in the Green. I believe it is natural to sailors to have that hearty, cordial way. He came to see me, though I had no particular attraction for him, as cheerfully as if I had been a girl, or alas! had girls of my own. Perhaps it was the opening in the hedge that pleased him. He would sit and look, but he did not speak to me of the sisters, — more's the pity. He was shy of that subject. I could see he was in real earnest, as the children say, by his shyness about the girls. He would say something about them, and then rush on to another subject, and come back again half-an-hour after to the identical point he had started from. But I suppose it never occurred to him that I had any skill to fathom that. He went with them on all their picnics, and was at all their parties; and he rode with them, riding very well for a sailor. The rides are beautiful round Dinglefield. There is a royal park close at hand, where you can go and hide yourself in grassy glades and alleys without number. I have even been tempted to put myself on my old pony, and wander about with them on the springy turf under the trees; though, as for their canterings and galloping, and the way in which Nelly's horse kicked its heels about when it got excited, they were always alarming to me. But it was a pleasant life. There is something in that moment of existence when the two who are to go together through life see each other first, and are mysteriously attracted towards each other, and forswear their own ideal and all their dreams, and mate themselves under some secret compulsion which they do not understand, — I say there is something in such a moment which throws a charm over life to all their surroundings. Though it be all over for us; though, perhaps, we may have been in our own persons thoroughly disenchanted, or may even have grown bitter in our sense of the difference between reality and romance, still the progress of an incipient wooing gives a zest to our pleasure. There is something in the air, some magical influence, some glamour, radiating from the hero and the heroine. When everything is settled, and the wedding looms in sight, fairyland melts away, and the lovers are no more interesting than any other pair. It is, perhaps, the uncertainty, the chance of disaster; the sense that one may take flight or offence, or that some rival may come in, or a hundred things happen to dissipate the rising tenderness. There is the excitement of a drama about it — a drama subject to the curious contradictions of actual existence, and utterly regardless of all the unities. I

thought I could see the little sister, who was my pet and favourite, gradually grouping thus with young Llewellyn. They got together somehow, whatever the arrangements of the party might be. They might drive to the Dingle, which was our favourite spot, in different carriages, with different parties, and at different times; but they were always to be found together under the trees when everybody had arrived. Perhaps they did not yet know it themselves; but other people began to smile, and Lady Denzil, I could see, was watching Nelly. She had other views, I imagine, for her young cousin, since he came to the estate. Nelly, too, once had very different views. I knew what her ideal was. It, or rather he, was a blond young giant, six feet at least, with blue eyes, and curling golden hair. He was to farm his own land, and live a country life, and be of no profession; and he was to be pure Saxon to counterbalance a little defect in Nelly's race; or rather, as she supposed, in her complexion, occasioned by the fact that her mother was of Spanish blood. Such was her ideal, as she had often confided to me. It was funny to see how this gigantic and glorious vision melted out of her mind. Llewellyn was not very tall; he was almost as dark as Nelly; he was a sailor, and he was a Welchman. What did it matter? One can change one's ideal so easily when one is under twenty. Perhaps in his imagination he had loved a milk-white maiden too.

Lady Denzil, however, watched, having, as I shall always believe, other intentions in her mind for Llewellyn, though she had no daughter of her own; and I am sure it was her influence which hurried him away the last day, without taking leave of any of us. She kept back the telegram which summoned him to join his ship, until there was just time to get the train. And so he had to rush away, taking off his hat to us, and almost getting out of the window of the carriage in his eagerness, when he saw us at the Admiral's door, as he dashed past to the station.

"Good-by, for the moment," he shouted; "I hope I am coming back." And I could see, by the colour in Nelly's cheek, that their eyes had met, and understood each other. Her sister bowed and smiled very graciously, and chattered about a hundred things.

"I wonder why he is going in such a hurry? I wonder what he means about coming back?" said Martha. "I am sure I am very sorry he is gone. He was very nice, and always ready for anything. What a bore a

ship is! I remember when papa was like that,—always rushing away. Don't you, Sister? but you were too young."

"I remember hearing people talk of it," said Nelly, with a sigh.

She was *rêverie*, clouded over, everything that it was natural to be under the circumstances. She would not trust herself to say he was nice. It was I who had to answer, and keep up the conversation for her. For my own part, I confess I was vexed that he had gone so soon—that he was gone without an explanation. These things are far better to be settled out of hand. One goes away; but nobody can make sure how one may come back.—or what one may find when one comes back. I was sorry for I knew a hundred things might happen to detain, or keep him silent; and Nelly's heart was caught, I could see. She had been quite unsuspecting, unfearing; and it was gone ere she understood what she was doing. My heart quaked a little for her; not with any fear of the result, but only with a certain throbbing of experience and anxiety that springs therefrom. Experience does not produce hope in the things of this world. It lays one's heart open to suspicions and fears which never trouble the innocent. It was not because of anything I had seen in Llewellyn; but because I had seen a great deal of the world, and things in general. This was why I kissed her with a little extra meaning, and told her to lie down on the sofa when she got home.

"You have not been looking your best for some days," I said. "You are not a giantess, nor so robust as you pretend to be. You must take care of yourself." And Nelly, though she made no reply, kissed me in her clinging way in return.

Some weeks passed after that without any particular incident. Things went on in their usual way, and though we were all sorry that Llewellyn was gone, we made no particular moan over him after the first. It was very rarely that a day passed on which I did not see the sisters; but the weather was beginning to get cold, and one Friday there was a fog which prevented me from going out. Ours is a low country, with a great many trees, and the river is not far off; and when there is a fog, it is very dreary and overwhelming. It closes in over the Green, so that you cannot see an inch before you; and the damp creeps into your very bones, though it was only the end of October, and the trees hung invisible over our heads in heavy masses, now and then dropping a faded leaf out of the fog in a ghostly, silent way: the chill went

to one's heart. I had a new book, for which I was very thankful, and my fire burned brightly, and I did not stir out of doors all day. I confess it surprised me a little that the girls did not come in to me in the evening, as they had a way of doing, with their red cloaks round them, and the hoods over their heads, like Red Riding Hood. But I took it for granted they had some friends from town, or something pleasant on hand; though I had not heard any carriage driving up. As for seeing, that was impossible. Next morning, by a pleasant change, was bright, sunny, and frosty. For the first time that season, the hedges, and gardens, and even the green itself, was crisp and white with hoar-frost, which, of course, did not last, but gave us warning of winter. When I went out, I met Nelly just leaving her own door. She was in her red cloak, with her dress tucked up, and the little black hat with the red feather, which was always so becoming to her. But either it was not becoming that day, or there was something the matter with the child. I don't remember whether I have said that she had large eyes,—eyes that, when she was thinner than usual, or ill, looked out of proportion to the size of her face. They had this effect upon me that day. One did not seem to see Nelly at all; but only a big pair of wistful, soft eyes looking at one, with shadowy lines round them. I was alarmed, to tell the truth, whenever I saw her. Either something had happened, or the child was ill.

"Good-morning, my dear," I said; "I did not see you all yesterday, and it feels like a year. Were you coming to me now?"

"No," said Nelly—and even in the sound of her voice there was something changed—"it is so long since I have been in the village. I had settled to go down there this morning, and take poor Mary Jackson some warm socks we have been knitting for the babies. It is so cold to-day."

"I thought you never felt the cold," said I, as one does without thinking. "You are always as merry as a cricket in the winter weather, when we are all shivering. You know you never feel the cold."

"No," said Nelly again. "I suppose it is only the first chill"—and she gave me a strange little sick smile, and suddenly looked down and stooped to pick up something. I saw in a moment there was nothing to pick up. Could it be that there were tears in her eyes, which she wanted to hide? "But I must go now," she went

on hurriedly. "Oh, no, don't think of coming with me; it is too cold, and I shall have to walk fast, I am in such a hurry. Good-by."

I could do nothing but stand and stare after her when she had gone on. What did it mean? Nelly was not given to taking fancies, or losing her temper—at least not in this way. She walked away so rapidly that she seemed to vanish out of my sight, and never once looked round or turned aside for anything. The surprise was so great that I actually forgot where I was going. It could not be for nothing that she had changed like this. I went back to my own door, and then I came out again and opened the Admiral's gate. Probably Martha was at home, and would know what was the matter. As I was going in, Martha met me coming out. She was in her red cloak, like Nelly, and she had a letter in her hand. When she saw me she laughed, and blushed a little. "Will you come with me to the post, Mrs. Mulgrave?" she said. "Sister would not wait for me; and when one has an important letter to post"—Martha went on, holding it up to me, and laughing and blushing again.

"What makes it so very important?" said I; and I confess that I tried very hard to make out the address.

"Oh, didn't she tell you?" said Martha. "What a funny girl she is! If it had been me I should have rushed all over the Green, and told everybody. It is—can't you guess?"

And she held out to me the letter in her hand. It was addressed to "Captain Llewellyn, H. M. S. *Spitfire*, Portsmouth." I looked at it, and I looked at her, and wonder took possession of me. The address was in Martha's handwriting. It was she who was going to post it; it was she who, conscious and triumphant, giggling a little and blushing a little, stood waiting for my congratulations. I looked at her aghast, and my tongue failed me. "I don't know what it means," I said, gasping. "I can't guess. Is it you who have been writing to Captain Llewellyn, or is it Nelly, or who is it? Can there have been any mistake?"

Martha was offended, as indeed she had reason to be. "There is no mistake," she said, indignantly. "It is a very strange sort of thing to say, when any friend, any acquaintance even, would have congratulated me. And you who know us so well! Captain Llewellyn has asked me to marry him—that is all. I thought you might have

found out what was coming. But you have no eyes for anybody but Sister. You never think of me."

"I beg your pardon," said I, faltering; "I was so much taken by surprise. I am sure I wish you every happiness, Martha. Nobody can be more anxious for your welfare than I am"—and here I stopped short in my confusion, choked by the words, and not knowing what to say.

"Yes, I am sure of that," said Martha, affectionately, stopping at the gate to give me a kiss. "I said so to Sister this morning. I said I am sure Mrs. Mulgrave will be pleased. But are you *really* so much surprised? Did you never think this was how it was to be?"

"No," I said, trembling in spite of myself; "I never thought of it. I thought, indeed—but that makes no difference now."

"What did you think?" said Martha; and then her private sense of pride and pleasure surmounted every thing else. "Well, you see it *is* so," she said, with a beaming smile. "He kept his own counsel, you see. I should not have thought he was so sly—should you? I daresay he thinks he showed it more than he did; for he says I must have seen how it was from the first day."

And she stood before me so beaming, so dimpling over with smiles and pleasure, that my heart sank within me. Could it be a mistake, or was it I—ah, how little it mattered for me—was it my poor Nelly who had been deceived?

"And did you?" I said, looking into her face, "did you see it from the first day?"

"Well, n-no," said Martha, hesitating; and then she resumed with a laugh, "That shows you how sly he must have been. I don't think I ever suspected such a thing; but then, to be sure, I never thought much about him, you know."

A little gleam of comfort came into my heart as she spoke. "Oh, then," I said, relieved, "there is no occasion for congratulations after all."

"Why is there no occasion for congratulations?" said Martha. "Of course there is occasion. I wanted Sister to run in and tell you last night, but she wouldn't; and I rather wanted you to tell me what I should say, or, rather, how I should say it; but I managed it after all by myself. I suppose one always can, if one tries. It comes by nature, people say." And Martha laughed again, and blushed, and cast a proud glance on the letter she held in her hand.

"But if you never had thought of him yesterday," said I, "you can't have accepted him to-day."

"Why not?" said Martha, with a toss of her pretty head—and she was pretty, especially in that moment of excitement. I could not refuse to see it. It was a mere piece of pink and white prettiness, instead of my little nut-brown maid, with her soft eyes, and her bright varied gleams of feeling and intelligence. But then you can never calculate on what a man may think in respect to a girl. Men are such fools; I mean where women are concerned.

"Why not?" said Martha, with a laugh. "I don't mean I am frantically in love with him, you know. How could I be, when I never knew he cared for me? But I always said he was very nice; and then it is so suitable. And I don't care for anybody else. It would be very foolish of me to refuse him without any reason. Of course," said Martha, looking down upon her letter, "I shall think of him very differently now."

What could I say? I was at my wits' end. I walked on by her side to the post-office in a maze of confusion and doubt. I could have snatched the letter out of her hand, and torn it into a hundred pieces; but that would have done little good; and how could I tell if it was a mistake after all? He might have sought Nelly for her sister's sake. He might have been such a fool, such a dolt, as to prefer Martha. All this time he might but have been making his advances to her covertly—under shield as it were of the gay bright creature who was too young and too simple-hearted to understand such devices. Oh, my little nut-brown maid! no wonder her eyes were so large and shadowy, her pretty cheeks so colourless! I could have cried with vexation and despair as I went along step for step with the other on the quiet country road. Though she was so far from being bright, Martha at last was struck by my silence. It took her a considerable time to find it out, for naturally her own thoughts were many, and her mind was fully pre-occupied; but she did perceive it at last.

"I don't think you seem to like it, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said; "not so much as I thought you would. You were the very first person I thought of; I was coming to tell you when I met you. And I thought you would sympathize with me and be so pleased to hear"—

"My dear," said I, "I am pleased to hear—any thing that is for your happiness; but then I am so much surprised. It was not

what I looked for. And then, good heavens, if it should turn out to be some mistake!"—

"Mrs. Mulgrave," said Martha, angrily, "I don't know what you can mean. This is the second time you have talked of a mistake. What mistake could there be? I suppose Captain Llewellyn knows what he is doing; unless you want to be unkind and cross. And what have I done that you should be so disagreeable to me?"

"Oh, my dear child!" I cried in despair, "I don't know what I mean; I thought once—there was Major Frost, you know"—

"Oh, is it that?" said Martha, restored to perfect good-humour; "poor Major Frost! But of course if he did not choose to come forward in time, he could not expect me to wait for him. You may make your mind quite easy if that is all."

"And then," I said, taking a little courage, "Captain Llewellyn paid Nelly a great deal of attention. He might have thought"—

"Yes," said Martha, "to be sure; and I never once suspected that he meant it for me all the time."

I ask anybody who is competent to judge, could I have said any more? I walked to the post-office with her, and I saw the letter put in. And an hour afterwards I saw the mail-cart rattling past with the bags, and knew it had set out to its destination. He would get it next morning, and the two lives would be bound for ever and ever. The wrong two?—or was it only we, Nelly and I, who had made the mistake? Had it been Martha he sought all the time?

CHAPTER II.

THE news soon became known to everybody on the Green, and great surprise was excited by it. Everybody, I think, spoke to me on the subject. They said, "If it had been the other sister!" Even Lady Denzil went so far as to say this, when, after having called at the Admiral's to offer her congratulations, she came in to see me. "I do not pretend that I like the marriage," she said, with a little solemnity. "There were claims upon him nearer home. It is not every man that is at liberty to choose for himself; but if it had been the little one I could have understood it." I hope nobody spoke like this to Nelly; she kept up a great deal too well to satisfy me. She was in the very centre of all the

flutter that such an event makes in a small society like ours, and she knew people were watching her; but she never betrayed herself. She had lost her colour somehow — everybody remarked that; and the proud little girl got up a succession of malades, and said she had influenza and indigestion, and I know not what, that nobody might suspect any other cause. Sometimes I caught her for one instant off her guard, but it was a thing that happened very rarely.

Two or three times I met her going off by herself for a long walk, and she would not have my company when I offered to go with her. "I walk so fast," she said, "and then it is too far for you." Once I even saw her in the spot to which all our walks tended — the Dingle, which was our favourite haunt. It was a glorious autumn, and the fine weather lasted long — much longer than usual. Up to the middle of November there were still masses of gorgeous foliage on the trees, and the sky was as blue — not as Italy, for Italy is soft and languorous and melting — but as an English sky without clouds, full of sunshine, yet clear, with a premonitory touch of frost, can be. The trees in the Dingle are no common trees; they are giant beeches, big-boled, heavily-clothed giants, that redden and crisp and hold their own until the latest moment; and that mount up upon heights, and descend into hollows, and open up here and there into gleams of the far plain around, growing misty in the distance as if it were sea. The great point in the landscape is a royal castle, the noblest dwelling-place I ever saw. We who live so near are learned in the different points of view; we know where to catch it shining like a fairy stronghold in the white hazy country, or stretching out in grey profile upon its height, or setting itself — here the great donjon, there a flanking tower — in frames of leafy branches. I had left my little carriage and my stout old pony on the road, and had wandered up alone to have my last peep before winter set in, when suddenly I saw Nelly before me. She was walking up and down on the soft yielding moss, carpeted with beech-mast and pine-needles; then she would stop and gaze blankly at the view, — at the great plain whitening off to the horizon, and the castle rising in the midst. I knew what the view was, but I saw also that she did not see it. Her face was all drawn together, small and shrunken up. There were deep shadowy lines round her eyes; and as for the eyes themselves, it was them and not Nelly that I saw. They were dilated, almost exagger-

ated, unlike anything I ever saw before. She had come out here to be alone, poor child! I crept away as best I could through the brown crackling ferns. If she heard anything, probably she thought it was some woodland creature that could not spy upon her. But I don't believe she heard anything, nor saw anything; and I was no spy upon her, dear heart!

The nearest we ever came to conversation on the subject was once when I was telling her about a girl I once knew, whose story had been a very sad one. She had pledged her heart and her life to a foolish young fellow, who was very fond of her, and then was very fond of somebody else; and would have been fond of her again, periodically, to any number of times. She had borne it as long as she could, and then she had broken down; and it had been a relief to her, poor girl, to come and cry her heart out to me.

"It has never been my way, Nelly," I said, "but it seems to ease the heart when it can speak. I don't think that I could have spoken to any one, had it been me."

"And as for me," cried Nelly, "if I should ever be like that — and if any one, even you, were so much as to look at me as if you knew, I think I should die!"

This was before the lamp was lighted; and in the dark, I think she put up a hand to wipe off something from her eyelash. But you may be sure I took care not to look. I tried to put all speculation out of my eyes whenever I looked at her afterwards. My poor Nelly! in the very extravagance of her pride was there not an appeal, and piteous throwing of herself upon my forbearance? I thought there was, and it went to my heart.

The next thing, of course, was that Llewellyn was coming to see his betrothed. He was to come at Christmas, not being able to leave his ship before. And then it was to be settled when the marriage should take place. I confess that I listened to all this with a very bad grace. Any reference to the marriage put me out of temper. He wrote to her regularly and very often, and Martha used to read his letters complacently before us all, and communicate little bits out of them, and spend half her mornings writing her replies. She was not a ready writer, and it really was hard work to her, and improved her education — at least, in the mechanical matters of writing and spelling. But I wonder what sort of rubbish it was she wrote to him, and what he thought of it. Was it possible he could suppose it was

my Nelly who wrote him all those commonplace? or, was the mistake on my part, not on his? As time went on, I came to think, more and more, that the latter was the case. We had been deceived Nelly and I. And Martha and Llewellyn were two lovers worthy of each other. I fear I was not very charitable to him in my thoughts.

But I could not help being very nervous the day of his arrival. It was a bleak wintry day, Christmas Eve, but not what people call Christmas weather. It rarely is Christmas weather at Christmas. The sky hung low and leaden over our bare trees, and of course there were no cricketers now on the green, nor sound of croquet balls, to enliven the stillness. I could not rest at home. We had not been informed what train Captain Llewellyn was to come by, and my mind was in such a disturbed state, that I kept coming and going, all day long, on one errand or another, lingering about the road. I don't myself know what I meant by it; nor could I have explained it to anybody. Sometimes I thought, if I should meet him, I would speak, and make sure. Sometimes I fancied that I could read in his face, at the first look, what it all meant. But, anyhow, I did not meet him. I thought all the trains were in, when I went to the Admiral's in the afternoon, at five o'clock — that is, all the trains that could arrive before dinner, for we were two miles from the station. Martha and her father were in the drawing-room when I entered. There was a bright fire, but the candles were not lighted; I suppose, out of reluctance to shut up the house, and close all the windows, before the visitor came. Martha was sitting by the fire, looking very gay and bright, and a little excited. She told me Nelly had been all day in the church, helping with the decorations, and that she was to stay at the rectory for dinner, as there was a Christmas-tree for the school-children to be got ready. "I dare say she thought we should not want her this first evening," Martha said, with a little laugh; and such was the bitterness and unreasonableness of my heart that I could have shaken her: which was nonsense, for, of course, she had a right to the society of her betrothed. While we were sitting chatting over the fire, all at once there came a sound of wheels, and the dog-cart from the little inn at Dinglefield station came rattling up. Martha gave a little cry, and ran to the drawing-room door. I know I should have gone away, but I did not. I stood behind in the ruddy gloom, and saw her rush into Llewellyn's arms. And he kissed her.

And the next moment they were back in the room beside us, she chatting about his journey, and looking up in his face, and showing her satisfaction and delight, as it was quite natural she should do. It seemed to me that he did not make very much reply; but the room was dark, and his arrival was sudden, and there was a certain confusion about every thing. The Admiral came forward, and shook hands with him, and so did I, and instead of looking as if he wished us a hundred miles off, Llewellyn kept peering into the corners, as if he wanted another greeting. Then he came to the fire, and stood before it, making the room all the darker with his shadow; and after we had all asked him if he felt the cold on his journey, there did not seem very much to say. I don't know how the others felt, but I know my heart began to beat wildly. Martha was in an unnatural state of excitement. She drew a great comfortable easy-chair to the fire for him. "Dear Ellis, sit down," she said, laying her hand softly on his arm. The touch seemed to wake him up out of a kind of reverie. He took her hand, and held it for a moment, and then let it fall.

"You are far too kind," he said, "to take so much trouble for me. A thousand thanks. Where is — your sister? She knew I was to come by this train."

"No, I don't think Sister knew," said Martha; "that was my little secret. I would not tell them what train you were coming by. She is helping with the church decorations. She will see you to-morrow, you know. I wish they would bring the tea: papa, will you ring? — Oh, papa has gone away. Wait a minute, Ellis dear, and I will run and make them bring it immediately. It will warm you better than any thing else. I shan't be a moment gone."

The moment she had left us poor Llewellyn turned to me. Notwithstanding the ruddy firelight, I could see he was quite haggard with the awful suspicion that must have flashed upon him. "Mrs. Mulgrave!" he cried hurriedly, holding out his hands, "for God's sake, tell me, what does this mean?"

"It means that you have come to see your betrothed, Captain Llewellyn," said I; "she has just gone out of the room. You made your choice, and I hope you did not expect to have both the sisters. Martha stayed to receive you, as was right and natural. You could not expect the same from Nelly. She thought neither of you would want a third to-night."

I was so angry that I said all this in a

breath. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I did it; I don't think, however, that he heard half. He covered his face with his hands, and gave a groan, which seemed to me to echo all through the house; and I had to add on to what I was saying, "Oh, for heaven's sake, restrain yourself," I cried, without even taking breath, "now it is too late!"

And then Martha came in, excited and joyous, half dancing with high spirits. I could have groaned too, and hid my face from the light, as he did, poor fellow; but she went up to him, and drew down his hands playfully, and said, "I am here, Ellis, you needn't cover your eyes." He did not answer her with a compliment or a caress, as perhaps she expected: and Martha looked at me where I was standing by the side of the fire. I knew she thought I was the restraining influence that closed his mouth and subdued his joy — and what could I do? — I went away: I could be of no use to him, poor boy. He must face it now as best he could. I went away, and as soon as I got safely into my own house, sat down and cried. Not that crying would do any good; but when everything is going wrong, and everybody is on the way to ruin, and you see how it is, and know how to mend it, and yet cannot, dare not, put forth a hand, what can any one do, but sit down and cry?

But I could not rest in my quiet, comfortable, lonely house, and know that those poor young hearts were being wrung, and keep quiet and take no notice. I had my cup of tea, and I put on my warm cloak and hood, and went across the green, though it was wet and slippery, to the schoolroom, where I knew Nelly would be. She was in the midst of a heap of toys and paper flags and little tapers, dressing up the Christmas-tree. There were three or four girls altogether, and Nelly was the busiest of all. Her little hands were pricked and scratched with the points of the bolly, and the sharp needles of the little fir-tree on which she was working. Poor child, I wish it had been her hands only that were wounded. The others had gloves on, but Nelly had taken hers off, either because she found the pain of the pricks good for her, or because of some emblematical meaning in it. "I can't work in gloves," she said carelessly, "and it don't hurt so much when you are used to it." When I saw her I could not but think of the pictures of Indians tied to the stake, with arrows flying at them from all quarters. I am aware St. Sebastian was

killed in the same way, — but I did not think of him.

"I wish you would come with me, Nelly," I said; "you know Christmas Eve is never very merry to me. There is no dinner, but you shall have something with your tea."

"I am going to the rectory," said Nelly. She did not venture to look at me, and she spoke very quick, with a kind of catch in her breath. "I promised, — and there is a great deal to do yet. When Christmas is not merry, it is best to try and forget it is Christmas. If I were to go with you, you would talk to me, and that would make you feel everything the more."

"I would not talk, — you may trust me, Nelly," I said eagerly. In my excitement I was for one minute off my guard.

She gave me one look, and then turned away, and began arranging the flags, and pricking her poor little soft fingers. "Talking does not matter to me," she said in her careless way. Her pride was something that filled me with consternation. She would not yield, not if she had been cut in little pieces. Her heart was being torn out of her very breast, and she was ready to look her executioners in the face, and cheer them on.

I don't know how they all got through that evening. Nelly, I know, went home late, and went to her own room at once, as being tired. It was poor Llewellyn that was the most to be pitied. I could not get him out of my mind. I sat, and thought and thought over it, till I could scarcely rest. Would he have the courage to emancipate himself and tell the truth? or would the dreadful coil of circumstances in which he had got involved, overcome him and subdue his spirit? I asked myself this question till it made me sick and faint. How was he to turn upon the girl who was hanging on him so proud and pleased and confident, and say that he had never cared for her, and never sought her? There are men who would have the nerve to do that; but my poor simple tender-hearted sailor — who would not hurt a fly, and who had no warning nor preparation for the fate that was coming on him — I could not hope that he would be so brave.

I saw by my first glance next morning at church, that he had not been brave. He was seated by Martha's side, looking pale, and haggard, and stern; such a contrast to her lively and demonstrative happiness. Nelly was at the other end of the pew, under her father's shadow. I don't know what she had done to herself, — either it was ex-

citement, or in her pride she had had recourse to artificial aids. She had recovered her colour as if by a miracle. I am afraid that I did not pay so much attention to the service as I ought to have done. My whole thoughts were bent upon the Admiral's seat, where there were two people quite serene and comfortable, and two in the depths of misery and despair. There were moments when I felt as if I could have got up in church and protested against it in the sight of God. One feels as if one could do that: but one keeps still, and does nothing all the same.

In the afternoon, Llewellyn came to see me. He would have done it anyhow, I feel sure, for he had a good heart. But there was a stronger reason still that Christmas Day. He did not say much to me when he came. He walked about my drawing-room, and looked at all the ornaments on the tables, and opened the books, and examined my Christmas presents. Then he came and sat down beside me before the fire. He tried to talk, and then he broke off, and leant his face between his hands. It was again a grey, dark, sunless day; and it was all the darker in my room because of the verandah over the windows, which made it so pleasant in summer. I could see his profile darkly before me as he made an attempt at conversation, not looking at me, but staring into the fire; and then, all at once, his shoulders went up, and his face disappeared in the shadow of his hands. He stared into the fire, still under that shelter; but he felt himself safe from my inspection, poor fellow.

"I ought to beg your pardon," he said, suddenly concentrating all his attention upon the glowing embers, "for speaking as I did — last night" —

"There was nothing to pardon," said I. And then we came to an embarrassed pause, for I did not know which was best — to speak, or to be silent.

"I know I was very abrupt," he said. "I was rude. I hope you will forgive me. It was the surprise." And then he gave vent to something between a cry and a groan. "What is to become of us all, good God!" he muttered. It was all I could do to hear him, and the exclamation did not sound to me profane.

"Captain Llewellyn," I said, "I don't know whether I ought to say any thing, or whether I should hold my tongue. I understand it all; and I feel for you with all my heart."

"It doesn't matter," he said; "it doesn't matter. Feeling is of no use. But there is

one thing you could tell me. She — you know — I can't call her by any name — I don't seem to know her name: — Just tell me one thing, and I'll try and bear it. Did she mind? Does she think me — ? Good Heavens! what does it matter what any one thinks? If you are sure it did not hurt her. I — don't mind."

"N — no," said I; but I don't think he got any comfort from my tone. "You may be sure it will not hurt her," I went on, summoning up all my pride. "She is not the sort of girl to let it hurt her." I spoke indignantly, for I did not know what was coming. He seized my hand, poor boy, and wrung it till I could have screamed; and then he broke down, as a man does when he has come to the last point of wretchedness: two or three hoarse sobs burst from him. "God bless her!" he cried.

I was wound up to such a pitch that I could not sit still. I got up and grasped his shoulder. In my excitement, I did not know what I was doing.

"Are you going to bear it?" I said. "Do you mean to let it go on? It is a lie; and are you going to set it up for the truth? Oh, Captain Llewellyn! is it possible that you mean to let it go on?"

Then he gave me one sorrowful look, and shook his head. "I have accepted it," he said. "It is too late. You said so last night."

I knew I had said so; but things somehow looked different now. "I would speak to Martha herself," said I. And I saw he shuddered at her name. "I would speak to her father. The Admiral is sensible and kind. He will know what to do."

"He will think I mean to insult them," said Llewellyn, shaking his head. "I have done harm enough. How was I to know? But never mind — never mind. It is my own doing, and I must bear it." Then he rose up suddenly, and turned to me with a wan kind of smile. "I cannot afford to indulge myself with talk," he said. "Good-by, and thanks. I don't feel as if I cared much now what happened. The only thing is, I can't stay here."

"But you must stay a week — you must stay over Christmas," I cried, as he stood holding my hand.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh. "I must get through to-night. If you'd keep her out of the way, Mrs. Mulgrave, it would be the kindest thing you could do. I can't look at her. It kills me. But I'll be summoned by telegram to-morrow," he added, with a kind of desperate satisfaction. "I

wrote this morning." And then he shook hands with me hurriedly, and went away.

I had very little trouble to keep Nelly — poor Nelly! — out of his way. She made me go upstairs with her, after dinner (I always dined there on Christmas), to show me the presents she had got, and the things she had prepared for her pensioners in the village. We made a great pet of the village, we people who lived on the green, and, I fear, rather spoiled it. There were things for the babies, and things for the old women, which were to be bestowed next day when they all came to the schoolroom for the Christmas-tree. She never mentioned Llewellyn to me, nor Martha, nor referred to the domestic event which, in other circumstances, would have occupied her mind above all. I almost wonder it did not occur to her that to speak of, and show an interest in, her sister's engagement was a quite necessary part of her own self-defence. Either it was too much, and she could not, or it did not enter into her mind. She never took any notice of it, at least to me. She never so much as mentioned his name. They never looked at each other, nor addressed each other, though I could see that every look and movement of one was visible to the other. Nelly kept me upstairs until it was time for me to go home. She came running out with me, with her red cloak round her, when the Admiral marched to the gate to see me home, as he made a rule of doing. She stood at the gate, in the foggy, wintry darkness, to wait for him until he came back from my door. And I waited on my own threshold, and saw them going back — Nelly, poor child, clinging fast to her father's arm. My heart ached; and yet not so much even for her as for the other. What was he doing indoors, left alone with the girl he was enraged to, and did not love?

Next morning, to the astonishment and dismay of everybody but myself, Captain Llewellyn was summoned back to his ship by telegraph. Martha was more excited about it than I should have supposed possible. It was so hard upon poor dear Ellis, she said, before they had been able to arrange any thing, or even to talk of any thing. She had not the slightest doubt of him. His wretched looks, and his hesitation and coldness, had taught nothing to Martha. If she was, perhaps, disappointed at first by his want of ardour, the disappointment had soon passed. It was his way; he was not the sort of man to make a fuss. By this means she quite accounted for it to herself. For my own part, I can-

not say that I was satisfied with his conduct. If he had put a stop to it boldly — if he had said at once it was all a mistake — then, whatever had come of it, I could have supported and sympathized with him; but it made an end of Captain Llewellyn, as a man, in my estimation, when he thus ran away. I was vexed, and I was sorry; and yet I cannot say I was surprised.

He wrote afterwards to say it was important business, and that he had no hope of being able to come back. And then he wrote that he had been transferred to another ship just put into commission, and had to sail at once. He could not even come to wish his betrothed good-by. He assured her it could not be for long, as their orders were only for the Mediterranean; but it was a curious reversal of all their former ideas. "He must retire," Martha said, when she had told me this news with tears. "The idea of a man with a good property of his own being ordered about like this! Papa says things have changed since his days; he never heard of anything so arbitrary. After all he said about our marriage taking place first, to think that he shall have to go away now, without a moment to say good-by!"

And she cried and dried her eyes, while I sat by and felt myself a conspirator, and was very uncomfortable. Nelly was present too. She sat working in the window, with her head turned away from us, and took no part in the conversation. Perhaps it was a relief; perhaps — and this was what she herself thought — it would have been better to have got it over at once. Anyhow, at this present juncture, she sat apart, and took no apparent notice of what we said.

"And Nelly never says a word," sobbed Martha. "She has no sympathy. I think she hates poor dear Ellis. She scarcely looked at him when he was here. And she won't say she is sorry now."

"When everybody is sorry, what does it matter if I say it or not?" said Nelly, casting one rapid glance from her work. She never was so fond of her work before. Now, she had become all at once a model girl: she never was idle for a moment; one kind of occupation or another was constantly in her hands. She sat at her knitting, while Martha, disappointed and vexed, cried and folded up her letter. I don't know whether an inkling of the truth had come to Nelly's mind. Sometimes I thought so. When the time approached which Llewellyn had indicated as a probable period of his return, she herself proposed that she should go on a visit to her godmother, in Devonshire. It was

spring then, and she had a cough; and there were very good reasons why she should go. The only one that opposed it was Martha. "It will look so unkind to dear Ellis," she said; "as if you would rather not meet him. At Christmas you were out all the time. And if she dislikes him, Mrs. Mulgrave, she ought to try to get over it. Don't you think so? It is unkind to go away."

"She does not dislike him," said I. "But she wants a change, my dear." And so we all said. The Admiral, good man, did not understand it at all. He saw that something was wrong. "There is something on the little one's mind," he said to me. "I hoped she would have taken you into her confidence. I can't tell what is wrong with her, for my part."

"She wants a change," said I. "She has never said anything to me."

It was quite true; she had never said a word to me. I might have betrayed Llewellyn, but I could not betray Nelly. She had kept her own counsel. While the Admiral was talking to me, I cannot describe how strong the temptation was upon me to tell him all the story. But I dared not. It was a thing from which the boldest might have shrunk. And though everybody on the Green had begun to wonder vaguely, and the Admiral himself was a little uneasy, Martha never suspected anything amiss. She cried a little when "poor Ellis" wrote to say his return was again postponed; but it was for his disappointment she cried. Half-an-hour after she was quite serene and cheerful again, looking forward to the time when he should arrive eventually. "For he must come some time, you know; they can't keep him away forever," she said; until one did not know whether to be impatient with her serenity, or touched by it, and would not make up one's mind whether it was stupidity or faith.

CHAPTER III.

NELLY paid her visit to her godmother, and came back; and spring wore into summer, and the trees were all in full foliage again in the Dingle, and the cricketers had returned to the Green; but still Captain Llewellyn was unaccountably detained. Nelly had come home looking much better than when she went away. His name still disturbed her composure I could see; though I don't suppose a stranger who knew nothing of the circumstances would have found it out. And when Martha threatened us with a visit from him, her sister shrank up into herself; but otherwise Nelly was much improved.

She recovered her cheerful ways; she became the soul of all our friendly parties again. I said to myself that I had been a truer prophet than I had the least hope of; and that she was not the sort of girl to let herself be crushed in any such way. But she never spoke to me of her sister's marriage, nor of her sister's betrothed. I mentioned the matter one day when we were alone, cruelly and of set purpose to see what she would say. "When your sister is married, and when you are married," I said, "it will be very dull both for the Admiral and me."

"I shall never marry," said Nelly, with a sudden closing up and veiling of all her brightness which was more expressive than words. "I don't know about Sister; but you need not weave any such visions for me."

"All girls say so till their time comes," said I, with an attempt to be playful; "but why do you say you don't know about Martha? she must be married before long, of course?"

"I suppose so," said Nelly, and then she stopped short; she would not add another word; but afterwards, when we were all together, she broke out suddenly. Martha's conversation at this period was very much occupied with her marriage. I suppose it was quite natural. In my young days girls were shy of talking much on that subject, but things are changed now. Martha talked of it continually: of when dear Ellis could come; of his probable desire that the wedding should take place at once; of her determination to have two months at least to prepare her trousseau; of where they would go after the marriage. She discussed everything, without the smallest idea, poor girl, of what was passing in the minds of the listeners. At last, after hearing a great deal of this for a long time, Nelly suddenly burst forth, —

"How strange it would be after all, if we were to turn out a couple of old maids," she cried, "and never to marry at all. The two old sisters! with chairs on each side of the fire, and great authorities in the village. How droll it would be! — and not so very unlikely after all."

"Speak for yourself," cried Martha, indignantly. "It is very unlikely so far as I am concerned. I am as good as married already. As for you, you can do what you please."

"Yes, I can do what I please," said Nelly, with a curious ring in her voice; and then she added, "But I should not wonder if we were both old maids after all."

"She is very queer," Martha said to me

when her sister had left the room, in an aggrieved tone. "She does not mean it, of course; but I don't like it, Mrs. Mulgrave. It does not seem lucky. Why should she take it into her head about our being old maids? I am as good as married now."

"Yes," I said, vaguely. I could not give any assent more cordial. And then she resumed her anticipations. But I saw in a moment what Nelly meant. This was how she thought it was to end. It was a romantic girl's notion, but happily she was too young to think how unlikely it was. No doubt she saw a vision of the two maiden sisters, and of one who would be their devoted friend, but who could never marry either. That was the explanation she had put in her heart upon his abrupt departure and his many delays. He had made a fatal mistake, and its consequences were to last all his life. They were all three, all their lives long, to continue in the same mind. He could never marry either of them; and neither of them, none of the three, were ever to be tempted to marry another. And thus, in a pathetic climax of faithfulness and delicate self-sacrifice, they were to grow old and die. Nelly was no longer miserable when she had framed this ideal in her mind. It seemed to her the most natural solution of the difficulty. The romance, instead of ending in a prosaic marriage, was to last all their lives. And the eldest of them, Llewellyn himself, was but seven-and-twenty! Poor Nelly thought it the most likely thing in the world.

If she had consulted me, I could have told her of something much more likely—something which very soon dawned upon the minds of most people at Dinglefield Green. It was that a certain regiment had come back to the barracks which were not very far from our neighbourhood. Before Captain Llewellyn made his appearance among us, there had been a Major Frost who "paid attention" to Martha; and he did not seem at all disinclined to pay attention to her now that he had come back. Though he was told of her engagement, the information seemed to have very little effect upon him. He came over perpetually, and was always at hand to ride or walk, or drive, or flirt, as the young ladies felt disposed. Before he had been back a fortnight it seemed to me that Martha had begun to talk less about dear Ellis. By degrees she came the length of confessing that dear Ellis wrote very seldom. I had found out that fact for myself, but she had never made any reference to it before. I watched her with an interest which surpassed every other interest in my life at that moment.

I forgot even Nelly, and took no notice of her in comparison. The elder sister absorbed me altogether. By degrees she gave up talking of her marriage, and of her wedding-dress, and where they were to live; and she began to talk of Major Frost. He seemed always to be telling her something which she had to repeat; and he told her very private details, with which she could have nothing to do. He told her that he was much better off than when he was last at the Green. Somebody had died and had left him a great deal of money. He was thinking of leaving the army, and buying a place in our county, if possible. He asked Martha's advice where he should go. "It is odd that he should tell you all this," I said to her one day, when she was re-confiding to me a great many of Major Frost's personal affairs; and though she was not usually very quick of apprehension, something called upon Martha's cheek the shadow of a blush.

"I think it is quite natural," she said; "we are such old friends; and then he knows I am engaged. I always thought he was very nice—didn't you? I don't think he will ever marry," Martha added, with a certain pathos. "He says he could never have married but one woman; and he can't have her now. He was poor when he was last here, you know."

"And who was the woman he could have married?" said I.

"Oh, of course I did not ask him," said Martha, with modest consciousness. "Poor fellow! it would have been cruel to ask him. It is hard that he should have got his money just after I—I mean after she was engaged."

"It is hard that money should always be at the bottom of everything," said I. And though it was the wish nearest to my heart that Martha should forget and give up Llewellyn, still I was angry with her for what she said. But that made no difference. She was not bright enough to know that her faith was wavering. She went on walking and talking with Major Frost, and boring us all with him and his confidences, till I, for one, was sick of his very name. But she meant no treachery; she never even thought of deserting her betrothed. Had any accident happened to bring him uppermost, she would have gone back to dear Ellis all the same. She was not faithless nor fickle, nor anything that was wicked: she was chiefly stupid, or rather, stolid. And to think the two were sisters! The Admiral was not very quick-sighted, but evidently he had begun to notice how things were going. He came

to me one afternoon to consult me when both the girls were out. I suppose they were at croquet somewhere. We elders found that afternoon hour, when they were busy with the balls and mallets, a very handy time for consulting about anything which they were not intended to know.

"I think I ought to write to Llewellyn," he said. "Things are in a very unsatisfactory state. I am not satisfied that he was obliged to go away as he said. I think he might have come to see her had he tried. I have been consulting the little one about it, and she thinks with me."

"What does she think?" I asked, with breathless interest, to the Admiral's surprise.

"She thinks with me, that things are in an unsatisfactory state," he said, calmly; "that it would be far better to have it settled and over, one way or another. She is a very sensible little woman. I was just about to write to Llewellyn; but I thought it best to ask you first, what your opinion was."

Should I speak and tell him all? Had I any right to tell him? The thought passed through my mind quick as lightning. I made a longer pause than I ought to have done. And then all I could find to say was, —

"I think I should let things take their chance if I were you."

"What does that mean," said the Admiral, quickly. "Take their chance! I think it is my duty to write to him, and let things be settled out of hand."

It was with this intention he left me. But he did not write; for the very next morning there came a letter from Llewellyn, not to Martha, but to her father, telling him that he was coming home. The ship had been paid off quite unexpectedly, I heard afterwards. And I suppose that, unless he had been courageous enough to give the true explanation of his conduct, he had no resource but to come back. It was a curious, abrupt sort of letter. The young man's conscience, I think, had pricked him for his cowardice in running away; and either he had wound himself up to the point of carrying out his engagement in desperation, or else he was coming to tell his story, and ask for his release. I heard of it immediately from the Admiral himself, who was evidently not quite at ease, in his mind on the subject. And a short time afterwards Martha came in, dragging her sister with her, full of the news.

"I could scarcely get her to come," Martha said. "I can't think what she al-

ways wants running after those village people. And when we have just got the news that Ellis is coming home!"

"Yes, I heard," said I. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you. Do you expect him soon? Does he say anything about —?"

"Oh, his letter was to papa," said Martha, interrupting my very hesitating and embarrassed speech; for my eyes were on Nelly, and I saw in a moment that her whole expression had changed. "He could not be expected to say anything particular to papa; but I suppose it must be very soon. I don't think he will want to wait now he is free."

"I shall be very glad when it is all over," said Nelly, to my great surprise. It was the first time I had heard her make any comment on the subject. "It will make so much fuss and worry. It is very entertaining to them, I suppose, but it is rather tiresome to us. Mrs. Mulgrave, I am going to see Molly Jackson; I can hear all about the trousseau at home, you know."

"Nelly!" said I, as I kissed her; and I could not restrain a warning look. She flushed up, poor child, to her hair, but turned away with a sick impatience that went to my heart.

"If you had the worry of it night and day, as I shall have!" she said, under her breath, with an impatient sigh. And then she went away.

I knew all that was in her mind, as well as if she had told me. She had lost her temper and patience as well as her peace of mind. It is hard to keep serene under a repeated pressure. She did it the first time; but she was not equal to it the second. She had no excuse to go away now. She had to look forward to everything, and hear it all discussed, and go through in anticipation. She had to receive him as his future sister; to be the witness of everything, always on the spot; a part of the bridal pageant, the first and closest spectator. And it was very hard to bear. As for Martha, she sat serene in a chair which she had herself worked for me, turning her fair countenance to the light. She saw nothing strange in Nelly's temper, nor in anything that happened to her. She sat waiting till I had taken my seat again, quite ready to go into the question of the trousseau. The sight of her placidity made me desperate. Suddenly there came before me the haggard looks of poor Llewellyn, and the pale exasperation and heart-sickness of my bright little Nelly's face. And then I looked at Martha, who was sitting, serene

and cheerful, just in the same spot and the same attitude in which, a few days before, she had told me of Major Frost. She had left off Major Frost now, and come back to her trousseau. What did it matter to her which of them it was! As for giving her pain, or humiliating her, how much or how long would she feel it? I became desperate. I fastened the door when I closed it after Nelly, that nobody might interrupt us; and then I came and sat down opposite to my victim. Martha was utterly unconscious still. It never occurred to her to notice how people were looking, nor to guess what was in anybody's mind.

"You are quite pleased," said I, making my first assault very gently, "that Captain Llewellyn is coming home?"

"Pleased!" said Martha. "Of course I am pleased. What odd people you all are! Anybody might see that it is pleasanter to be settled, and know what one is doing. I wish you would come up to town with me some day, Mrs. Mulgrave, and help me with Elise."

"My dear," said I, "in the first place, there is something more important than Elise; there is Major Frost. What do you mean to do with him?"

"I?" said Martha, opening her eyes. "He always knew I was engaged. Of course I am very sorry for him; but if he did not choose to come forward in time, he could not expect that one was to wait."

"And is that how you mean to leave him," said I, severely, "after all the encouragement you have given him? Every day, for a month past, I have expected to hear you say that you had made a mistake about Captain Llewellyn, and that it was the Major you liked best."

"Oh, fancy *me* doing such a thing!" cried Martha, really roused, "after being engaged to Ellis a whole year. If he had come forward at the proper time, perhaps —. But to make a change when every thing was settled. You never could have believed it of *me*!"

"If you like the other better, it is never too late to make a change," said I, carried away by my motive, which was good, and justified a little stretch of ethics. "You will be doing a dreadful injury to poor Captain Llewellyn if you marry him, and like another man best."

Martha looked at me with a little simper of self-satisfaction. "I think I know my duty," she said. "I am engaged. I don't see that anything else is of any consequence. Of course the gentleman I am engaged to is the one I shall like best."

"Do you mean that you are engaged to him because you like him best?" said I. "Martha, take care. You may be preparing great bitterness for yourself. I have no motive but your good." This was not true, but still it is a thing that everybody says; and I was so much excited that I had to stop to take breath. "You may never have it in your power to make a choice again," I said, with solemnity. "You ought to pause and think seriously which of the two you love. You cannot love them both. It is the most serious question you will ever have to settle in your life."

Martha looked at me with a calm surprise which drove me wild. "Dear Mrs. Mulgrave," she said, "I don't know what you mean. I am engaged to Ellis — and Major Frost has never proposed even. He may have been only flirting, for anything I can tell; and how foolish it would be to give up the one without any real hold on the other! but of course it is nonsense altogether. Why, Ellis is coming back on purpose; and as Major Frost did not come forward in time, I don't see how he can complain."

All this she said with the most perfect placidity, sitting opposite the window, lifting her serene countenance to the light. It was a practical concern to Martha. It did not so much matter which it was; but to interfere with a thing fully arranged and settled, because of any mere question of liking! I was not by a very long way so cool as she was. Everything seemed to me to depend upon this last throw, and I felt myself suddenly bold to put it to the touch. It was not my business, to be sure; but to think of those two young creatures torn asunder and made miserable! It was not even Nelly I was thinking of. Nelly would be free; she was young; she would not have her heart-break always kept before her, and time would heal her wounds. But poor Llewellyn was bound and fettered. He could not escape nor forget. It was for him I made my last attempt.

"Martha, I have something still more serious to say to you," I said. "Do you remember, when you told me of Captain Llewellyn's proposal first, I asked you if it was not a mistake?"

"Yes, I remember very well," said Martha. "It was just like you. I never knew any one who asked such odd questions. I should have been angry had it been any one but you."

"Perhaps you will be angry now," I said. "I know you will be vexed, but I can't help it. Oh, my dear, you must listen to me! It is not only your happiness that is con-

cerned, but that of others. Martha, I have every reason to think that it was a mistake. Don't smile; I am in earnest. It was a mistake. Can't you see yourself how little heart he puts into it? Martha, my dear, it is no slight to you. You told me you had never thought of him before he wrote to you. And it was not you he meant to write to. What can I say to convince you? It is true; it is not merely my idea. It was all a mistake."

"Mrs. Mulgrave," said Martha, a little moved out of her composure, "I am not angry. I might be; but I am sure you don't mean it. It is one of the fancies you take into your head. How could it be a mistake? It was me he wrote to, not anybody else. Of course I was not fond of him before; but when a man asks you to marry him, how is it possible there can be any mistake?"

"Oh, Martha," I said, wringing my hands, "let me tell you all; only hear me, and don't be vexed. Did you never notice all that summer how he followed Nelly about? Try and remember. He was always by her side; wherever we went those two were together. Ask anybody; ask Lady Denzil; ask your father. Oh, my dear child, I don't want to hurt your feelings! I want to save you from something you will be very sorry for. I want you to be happy. Can't you see what I mean without any more explanations from me?"

Martha had, notwithstanding her composure, grown pale. Her placid looks had changed a little. "I see it is something about Sister," she said. "Because you like her best, you think everybody else must like her best too. I wonder why it is that you are so unkind to me!"

As she spoke, she cried a little, and turned her shoulder towards me, instead of her face.

"Not unkind," I said, "oh, not unkind! I am speaking only because I love you all."

"You have never loved me," said Martha, weeping freely; "never, though I have been so fond of you. And now you want to make me ridiculous and miserable. How can I tell what you mean? What has Sister to do with it? Ellis was civil to her for — for my sake. It was me he proposed to. How can I tell what you are all plotting in your hearts? When people write letters to me, and ask me to marry them, am I not to believe what they say?"

"When he wrote, he thought Nelly was the eldest," I said. "You know what I have always told you about your names. He wrote to her, and it came to you. Mar-

tha, believe me, it is not one of my fancies; it is true."

"How do you know it is true?" she cried, with a natural outburst of anger and indignation. "How do you dare to come and say all this now? Insulting Ellis, and Sister, and me. Oh, I wish I had never known you! I wish I had never, never, come into this house! I wish" —

Her voice died away in a storm of sobs and tears. She cried like a child — as a baby cries, violently, with temper, and not with grief. She was not capable of Nelly's suppressed passion and misery; neither did the blow strike deep enough for that; and she had no pride to restrain her. She cried noisily, turning her shoulder to me, making her eyes red and her cheeks blurred. When I got up and went to her, she repulsed me; I had nothing to do but sit down again, and wait till the passion had worn itself out. And there she sat sobbing, crushing her pretty hat, and disfiguring her pretty face, with the bright light falling upon her, and revealing every heave of her shoulders. By degrees the paroxysm subsided; she dried her eyes, poor child, and put up her hair, which had got into disorder, with hasty and agitated hands. Then she turned her flushed tear-stained face upon me. It was almost prettier than usual in this childish passion.

"I don't believe you," she cried. "I don't believe it one bit! You only want to vex me. Oh, I wish I had never known you. I wish I might never see you again, — you, and — all the rest! I wish I was dead! But I shall tell papa, Mrs. Mulgrave, and I know what he will think of you."

"Martha, I am very sorry" — I began, but Martha had rushed to the door.

"I don't want to hear any more!" she said. "I know everything you can say. You are fond of Sister, and want her to have everything. And you always hated me!"

With these words she rushed out, shutting not only the door of the room behind her in her wrath, but the door of the house, which stood always open. She left me, I avow, in a state of very great agitation. I had not expected her to take it in this way. And it had been a great strain upon my nerves to speak at all. I trembled all over, and as soon as she was gone I cried too, from mere nervousness and agitation. not to speak of the terrible thought that weighed on my mind — had I done harm or good? What would the others say if they knew? Would they bless or curse me? Had I interfered

out of season? Had I been officious? Heaven knows! The result only could show.

Most people know what a strange feeling it is when one has thus estranged, or parted in anger from, a daily and intimate companion; how one sits in a vague fever of excitement, thinking it over — wondering what else one could have said; wondering if the offended friend will come or send, or give any sign of reconciliation; wondering what one ought to do. I was so shaken by it altogether that I was good for nothing but lying down on the sofa. When my maid came to look for me, she was utterly dismayed by my appearance. "Them young ladies are too much for you, ma'am," she said, indignantly. "It's as bad as daughters of your own." I think that little speech was the last touch that was wanted to make me break down. As bad as daughters of my own, but not as good; very different. When I thought how those girls would cling round their father, it was more than I could bear. Not that I envied him. But I was ready to do more for them than he was; to risk their very love, in order to serve them; and how different was their affection for me.

All day long I stayed indoors, recovering slowly, but feeling very miserable. Nobody came near me. The girls, who were generally flitting out and in twenty times in a day, never appeared again. The very door which Martha shut in her passion remained closed all day. When it came to be evening, I could bear it no longer; I could not let the sun go down upon such a quarrel; I was so lonely I could not afford to be proud. I drew my shawl round me, though I was still trembling, and went softly in at the Admiral's gate. It was dusk, and everything was very sweet. It had been a lovely autumn day, very warm for the season, and the twilight lingered as if it was loth to make an end of it. I thought the girls would probably be in the drawing-room by themselves, and that I might invent some excuse for sending Nelly away, and try to make my peace with her sister. I did not love Martha as I loved Nelly, but I was fond of her all the same, as one is fond of a girl one has seen grow up, and watched over every day; and I could not bear that she should be estranged from me. When I went in, however, Nelly was all alone in the drawing room. She was sitting in a low chair by the fire, for they always had a fire earlier than other people. She was sitting over it, with her face resting in her hands, almost crouching towards the friendly blaze.

And yet it was a warm evening, very warm for the time of the year. She started when she heard my step, and turned round, and for the moment I saw that I was not welcome to Nelly either. Her thoughts had been better company, or was it possible that Martha could have told her? I did not think, however, that this could be the case, when she drew forward my favourite chair for me, and we began to talk. Nelly had not passed through any crisis such as that which Martha and I had made for ourselves. She told me her sister had a headache, and had been lying down before dinner, but that now she had gone out for a little air.

"Only in the garden," Nelly said. And then she added, "Major Frost is here. He is with her — and I don't think he ought to come so often — now" —

"Major Frost!" I said, and my heart began to beat; I don't know what I feared or hoped, for at this moment the Admiral came in from the dining-room, and joined us, and we got into ordinary conversation. What a strange thing ordinary conversation is! We sat in the dark, with only the firelight making rosy gleams about the room, and wavering in the great mirror over the mantelpiece, where we were all dimly reflected — and talked about every sort of indifferent subject. But I wonder if Nelly was thinking of what she was saying? or if her heart was away, like mine, hovering over the heads of these two in the garden, or with poor Llewellyn who was creeping home an unwilling bridegroom? Even the Admiral, I believe, had something on his mind different from all our chit-chat. For my own part I sat well back in my corner, with my heart thumping so against my breast that it affected my breathing. I had to speak in gasps, making up the shortest sentences I could think of. And we talked about public affairs, and what was likely to be the result of the new measures; and the Admiral, who was a man of the old school, shook his head, and declared I was a great deal too much of an optimist, and thought more hopefully than reasonably of the national affairs. Heaven help me! I was thinking of nothing at that moment but of Martha and Major Frost.

Then there was a little stir outside in the hall. The firelight, and the darkness, and the suspense, and my own feelings generally, recalled to my mind so strongly the evening on which Llewellyn arrived, that I should not have been surprised had he walked in when the door opened. But it was only Martha who came in. The fire-

light caught her as she entered, and showed me for one brief moment a different creature from the Martha I had parted with that morning in sobs and storms. I don't know what she wore; but I know that she was more elaborately dressed than usual, and had sparkling ornaments about her, which caught the light. I almost think, though I never could be sure, that it was her poor mother's diamond brooch which she had put on, though they were alone. She came in lightly, with something of the triumphant air I had noticed in her a year ago, before Captain Llewellyn's Christmas visit. It was evident, at all events, that my remonstrance had not broken her spirit. I could see her give a little glance to my corner, and I know that she saw I was there.

"Are you here, papa?" she said. "You always sit, like crows, in the dark, and nobody can see you." Then she drew a chair into the circle. She took no notice of me or any one, but placed herself directly in the light of the fire.

"Yes, my dear," said her father. "I am glad you have come in. It begins to get cold."

"We did not feel it cold," said Martha, and then she laughed, — a short little disconnected laugh, which indicated some disturbance of her calm; then she went on, with a tendency to short and broken sentences, like myself. "Papa," she said, "I may as well tell you at once. When the Major was here last, he was poor, and could not speak, — now he's well off. And he wants me to marry him. I like him better than — Ellis Llewellyn. I always, — liked him better, — and he loves me!"

Upon which Martha burst into tears.

If I were to try to describe the consternation produced by this unlooked-for speech, I should only prolong my story without making it more clear. The want of light heightened it, and confused us all doubly. If a bomb had burst in the peaceful place I don't think it could have produced a greater commotion. It was only the Admiral, however, who could say a word, and of course he was the proper person. Martha very soon came out of her tears to reply to him. He was angry, he was bewildered, he was wild for the moment. What was he to say to Llewellyn? What did she mean? How did Major Frost dare —? I confess that I was crying in my corner, — I could not help it. When the Admiral began to storm, I put my hand on his arm, and made him come to me, and whispered a word in his ear. Then the good man subsided into a bewildered silence. And after a while he

went to the library, where Major Frost was waiting to know his fate.

It is unnecessary to follow out the story further. Llewellyn, poor fellow, had to wait a long time after all before Nelly would look at him. I never knew such a proud little creature. And she never would own to me that any spark of human feeling had been in her during that painful year. They were a proud family altogether. Martha met me ever after with her old affectionateness and composure, — never asked pardon, nor said I was right, but at the same time never resented nor betrayed my interference. I believe she forgot it even, with the happy faculty that belonged to her nature, and has not an idea now that it was anything but the influence of love and preference, which made her cast off Llewellyn and choose Major Frost.

Sometimes, however, in the grey of the summer evenings, or the long, long winter nights, I think I might just as well have let things alone. There are two bright households the more in the world, no doubt. But the Admiral and I are both dull enough sometimes, now the girls are gone. He comes and sits with me, which is always company, and it is not his fault I have not changed my residence and my lonely condition. But I say to him, why should we change? and give the world occasion to laugh, and make a talk of us, at our age? Things are very well as they are. I believe we are better company to each other living next door, than if we were more closely allied; and our neighbours know us too well to make any talk about our friendship. But still it often happens, even when we are together, — in the still evenings, and in the firelight, and when all the world is abroad of summer nights, — that we both of us lament a little in the silence, and feel that it is very dull without the girls.

From The New York Evening Post.

THE EXAMPLE OF HENRY CLAY.

THE authority of the late Henry Clay is so often appealed to by the friends of the protective system, that we propose at present to say a few words concerning this remarkable man, and, what will perhaps surprise some of our readers, to hold up his example to the imitation of those who are in the habit of referring to his opinion.

Mr. Clay had many attractive and certain noble qualities of character. He was

of a generous temper, a confiding disposition towards his friends, a manly frankness and a chivalrous courage which carried him with a certain credit through controversies in which other men would have been thought to have been worsted. His winning manners, and a ready and spontaneous eloquence, which was always plausible and always had an air of sincerity, added greatly to his power over the affections of his followers. Of his patriotism, that is to say, of his desire to see his country great, fortunate and prosperous, we have no reason to doubt. He was ambitious; the great object of his life, we were about to say — certainly his great object as a public man — was to rise to the highest post in the nation, to hold the supreme authority, to bestow the rewards of office upon those who in his estimation had proved themselves worthy, and to signalize himself in the chief magistracy by a brilliant administration of public affairs. This wish was never gratified; he was several times the candidate of his party in the competition for the Presidency of the United States, but never when his party was successful. He stood as their candidate when it was necessary to have one of his eminence and popularity in order to keep the whig party together and make it strong and formidable even in defeat; but when there was a tolerable certainty of its success in the election, they withdrew their support from him and fixed upon some other candidate. Mr. Clay was deeply hurt by this treatment, which he regarded as ungenerous and unjust, but he bore it like a martyr; he never separated himself from his political friends for any grievance of his own, and manfully supported the candidates for whose claims his own had been rejected.

This manly conduct increased the attachment which his friends bore him. The young men of the whig party fairly idolized him. As is the case with men of commanding talents and great personal popularity, his opinions on public measures and questions of public policy were adopted by his followers without much examination. It seems to have been taken for granted by them that the opinions of one so able, so generous and magnanimous, could not possibly be wrong. Memoirs of his life were written by clever men in various forms, from the brief pamphlet summary to the full-sized volume; they were read everywhere by men of his party; his portrait was in all their parlors, and as he had warmly espoused the policy of protecting the manufactures of the country by high duties, that policy under the name

of the American system became one of the watchwords of his party.

Of course, Mr. Clay, in his support of the protective system, was deeply in earnest. He as well as many other able and equally sincere men, was misled by the plausible phrases current respecting the encouragement of home industry, a home market, independence of other nations and the like, and thought he saw in the measures restraining foreign commerce and the right of one man to exchange property with other men on the best terms they could, a sure method of making the country prosperous and rich. Mr. Webster, who had a more logical mind than Clay, saw through this delusion and stated the argument in favor of free trade in several speeches with a clearness and force which few public speakers have given it. Mr. Webster never attempted to refute his own reasoning, and it was rather creditable to him that he did not, for we are confident that his conviction never changed. When he afterwards voted for the tariff of 1828 he apologized to Mr. Coleman, of the *EVENING POST*, in a private letter which we saw at the time, by saying that since, contrary to his views, the country had chosen the restrictive policy instead of the free trade policy, he only desired to make the system as perfect and as little objectionable as possible, and with that view had voted for the amended tariff. He voted on the wrong side, but never made a speech in favor of protection and directly against freedom of exchange.

Not so with Mr. Clay. Believing that high duties laid with a view of favoring our own manufactures were important to the prosperity of the country, he threw himself into the cause of protection with all the zeal of his ardent nature, and his party rushed after him. The manufacturers throughout the Union were generally his warm supporters — indeed, their support was so very zealous, that it probably injured his political prospects, by favoring the suspicion that it was interested and mercenary. However this might be, however sordid might be their motives, there can be no doubt that those of Mr. Clay were perfectly patriotic.

But sincere as he was, and entirely convinced as he had been in the outset of the importance of what he and his friends called the American system — the policy of commercial restraint — he saw reason — and this is the point to which we are finally coming — to abandon it altogether. Yes, he saw reason to give up his favourite Amer-

ican system — the system in behalf of which he had contended so long and so eloquently — the system which he had taken so much pains to perfect — he consented to abandon it, and to disappoint his immense train of clients, the manufacturing class. He had seen the country kept in a state of perpetual agitation by the controversy respecting protection; he had seen the legislation of Congress almost constantly employed in remodelling the revenue laws; he had seen the manufacturers themselves dissatisfied with the tariff which had been their own work, and calling from time to time for more protection; he had seen high duties made the occasion of a bitter feud between the southern states and those of the North; and in 1832 he came forward with a free-trade measure. He proposed what was called a compromise tariff, which was simply a gradual reduction of the duties on imports to a naked revenue standard, sweeping away every relic of protection. It provided that the duties should be gradually diminished, year by year, on all commodities which paid a duty exceeding twenty per cent. One-tenth of the excess above this amount was to be deducted yearly from the duty, so that in the year 1842 there should be no commodity brought into the country on which the duty charged should exceed twenty per cent. This measure, which placed our tariff duties upon a simple revenue basis, passed both Houses by large majorities, and was followed by ten years of national prosperity. When finally the lowest rate of duties was reached in 1842, the protectionists renewed the old agitation, and succeeded in getting Congress to adopt a tariff recognizing the principle of protection; but Mr. Clay was not then a member of Congress, and, therefore, had no hand in its enactment.

It is this noble example of Mr. Clay that we commend to the imitation of those who now refer to his authority. They may be certain that there will never be any cessation of the opposition to their system of protection till all our indirect taxation is placed on a simple revenue basis. The determination to be as free in the exchange of property as in the exchange of thought, to apply to it the same universal principles of liberty that we apply to the circulation of opinions and knowledge by means of the press, is a living motive which will never be put down. It will keep up an interminable warfare with the zealots of protection until taxation of every kind is lowered to a naked revenue standard.

Let those, then, who refer to the example of Henry Clay, imitate his conduct at the close of his long support of the protective system. Let them come forward with the same generous frankness and the same manly courage, and ask to compromise, as he did, with the friends of free trade by a scheme which shall gradually diminish the duties on imports to a rate yielding a moderate revenue, without materially affecting our commerce with other nations. If they adopt this policy now, it is in their power to pass an act which shall effect their object and let down the manufacturers by such easy gradations that they will have no more cause to complain than they had under the measure devised by Mr. Clay. If they fail to make use of the present opportunity, the time may arrive, within a very few years, when it will be too late, and the people, impatient of the tyranny they have so long endured, may demand so large an immediate reduction of the duties that it may bear severely upon many, and bring ruin upon some. The longer it is postponed through the efforts of the protectionists, the more violent will be the reaction. Let us, therefore, recommend to them the prudent and far-sighted policy with which Mr. Clay closed his championship of the American system, and abandoned a long-cherished policy, which he perceived could not be reconciled with the national welfare.

NOTE BY THE LIVING AGE.

THE writer went to Washington, when nullification seemed imminent, to propose to President Jackson and Secretary McLane a plan for a gradual — step-by-step — reduction of the tariff to a revenue standard. Both of them approved of it; and the writer sent to a Charleston paper a letter to Gen. Hayne, in which this was stated, as an argument against nullification. Mr. Ritchie, the veteran editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, wrote to ask particulars of the plan thus endorsed by the President, and Secretary of the Treasury, and published the answer in its editorial columns. When Congress met, Mr. Clay brought forward this plan, with immaterial modification; and it was gladly accepted by Mr. Calhoun, who would have been in great danger had the nullification movement gone on.

It was said that President Jackson was sorry that the fight was thus prevented. The writer thought then that *he* had done good service, but has since doubted whether a short grasp of a strong hand at that time

might not have prevented the woes of the Great Rebellion of 1861.

But even from all that misery we might arise the gainers, if the Southern politicians would frankly accept the skill and capital which the North was ready to pour into the Southern States.

E. L.

TOUR OF A MISSIONARY BISHOP. — Bishop Patteson usually sails from New Zealand in May, when the hurricane season in the islands is over, and before the wet wintry weather of New Zealand has set in. He takes with him one of his assisting clergy and all the natives, except a few of the older scholars, who have become accustomed to the colder climate, and who remain behind to prosecute their studies under the care of the other assisting clergyman. On one of the islands in the Banks group a secondary establishment has been formed, where the natives remain with the clergyman while the Bishop makes the round of the islands — taking with him some of the lads to visit their parents, and those who are desirous of remaining at home — receiving fresh accessions to his numbers, and returning to their friends those that are unpromising. In October he returns again to Auckland with all his flock. A great loss of time is of course involved in these voyages of the scholars to and fro, and in the yearly breaking up of the establishment; and for this reason the Bishop is about to move the headquarters of his mission to Norfolk Island, the climate of which is sufficiently warm to enable the Melanesian natives to remain there without risk throughout the year. It may not be known to many of our readers that Norfolk Island — formerly a penal settlement for the worst class of convicts from Australia — is now inhabited by the Pitcairn Islanders, having been made over to them by the Government when transportation to Eastern Australia ceased, their numbers having become too great for Pitcairn Island. It would be difficult to over-estimate the peculiar qualifications of Dr. Patteson for this work. To most men the great diversity of dialects to be encountered would be an insuperable obstacle; but the Bishop is possessed of a rare talent for languages, by which he is enabled to master them with wonderful rapidity — not merely in a superficial way for the purposes of conversation, but as a philologist of the very highest order. Nearly every summer the grammar and vocabulary of a new dialect are composed by him, whilst he teaches every day in three or four different languages. A printing press is kept in constant use in this institution also, and is worked by the natives. The practical difficulty of teaching some sixty students, speaking upwards of a dozen different languages, is got over by adopting one of them, best suited for the purpose, as a standard, and making them all

learn it. This also enables them to communicate amongst each other, which would be otherwise impracticable. The Bishop has a peculiarly winning manner, and he does not assume, as many do, a tone of superiority towards his native scholars, but treats them in every way as equals, sitting down to meals with them, and in point of fact raising them up, as it were, to a level with himself. The consequence is that his influence over them is unbounded, and they regard him with the strongest feelings of affection and respect. — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

M. ATHANASE COQUEREL père, for thirty years the pastor of the Reformed Church in Paris and the head of its Presbytery, has died within the last week in Paris in the 73rd year. He was one of the least orthodox of the French Protestant clergy, and is generally understood to have been almost, if not quite, a Unitarian. He was in great part educated by his aunt, — an English lady, well known to Sir Roundell Palmer and other hymnologists for one or two very beautiful hymns, — Miss Helen Maria Williams. M. Coquerel was one of the curious group of clergy returned to the Chamber of Deputies under the Republican Government of 1848, when the celebrated heretic Lamennais and the equally celebrated Dominican Lacordaire were also returned. M. Coquerel supported the Government of General Cavaignac, and afterwards that of the Prince President Louis Napoleon; and he even, Protestant as he was, gave his support to the Roman expedition of the former in 1849, sent to support the temporal power of the Pope. Probably his motive, like that of the great Oceanists Thiers and Guizot, was in reality as much jealousy of Italy, and a desire to see France dictating the ecclesiastical policy of Europe, as any less disinterested motive. — *Spectator*.

“HAVE you ever had your hair singed? That is the last new invention of the hair-dresser. I went to Marsh's the other day to have my hair cut, and was much astonished when I was asked if I should like also to have it singed. ‘No, thank you’ I said at once and decidedly, feeling rather offended at the notion of being treated like a horse. But then I remembered that the Houyhnhnms are after all a civilised race of beings; I proceeded to inquire further into this matter; and in the end I had my hair singed for eighteen pence. The attendant lighted a long taper, and taking the hair upon his comb tuft by tuft as he had already done in cutting it, burnt all its extremities. The supposition is that the hair so treated is sealed up at the points, becomes more moist and vigorous, and also less liable to split. About this I know nothing. But the process was new to me and I thought it worthy of a note.” — *Once a Week*.